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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

When Only Thou Wert Nigh.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER

We may not weet again,—
We may not sigh,
O'er the sad parting's pain;
Though wearily
The tone must wear away,
Until by one bright ray,
Uncheered by one sweet tone
The harpstrings breathed alone,
When only thou wert nigh.

I may not taste the cup
Joy's spirit crowned,
At pleasure's fount fill'd up,—
In bright wreaths bound,—
Though gladness is its tide
Along the bright orange glide;
From me those hues are gone
That, wreathing round it, shone
When only thou wert nigh.

The chords I may not sweep
That once beneath
Thy soft touch, trembling deep,
Sweet tones would breathe;
Though song's undying fire,
Still lingers o'er each wire
Still breathless ne'er shall spring,
That waked their murmuring,
When only thou wert nigh.

The heart a lonely tree,
Its gladness gone!—
No jewell'd cup's bright glow,
Nor lute's sweet tone,
May call back pleasures fled,
Or excite joyous mood,
Or give to breathing song
The joys it bore along,
When only thou wert nigh!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Summer Winds.

The summer winds—I love to feel
Their touches o'er my forehead fall,
And fancy's cells they off unseal,
And forth her fairest visions call
Upstanging from some balmy isle,
Hills soothingly they steal along,
Charming the weary heart awhile
With dream like thoughts of love and song

When twilight gathers o'er the sky,
And hangs her dreams drapery round,
Gently the slumbering foliage by,
They pass with light and rustling sound

Now lingering near some blushing flower,
They pause and in their sportive play
Bend down its head with gentle power,
And kiss the tear-like dew away

They wake to meet the rosy morn—
The wild lark's earliest matin song,
Upon their fresh wing songs are borne
With many a sweet perfume along

The summer winds—how soft they breathe
Around the flower-lit bower and cheek—
The flowery fields of which they breathe—
Ah! how the sufferer longs to seek
The summer wind—it heedeth not
The sensus of grief it passeth o'er—
It bloweth to shatter a wretched cot,
Yet plays as lightly as before

It bears along each light perfume
To scatter round the young and fair—
Yet passes too, beside the tomb
And waves its scented pinions there

Philada. E. L. T.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Sacred Thoughts.

BY C. H. GARDER

The sweet to watch, while thought is o'er us stealing,
The sacred spirits that around us play;
The soul drinks in a deep and holy feeling,
And pants to leave its tenement of clay
The lofty mind, to brighter regions soaring,
Leaves to themselves the grovelling things of Earth;
Our fairest hopes and brightest prospects pouring,
Dates in the skies its high and royal birth;
Rising above the sense of Earthly pleasure,
A holier sphere the mind would enter in,
And claiming there enjoyment without measure,
Dwell for a while on objects without sin
The joys of Earth that smiling come around us,
With all the winning witchery of their art,
Must stand aloof when sacred thought have bound us,
Whose hallowed presence sanctifies the heart

And when the aspiring mind would grasp the treasures
The soul's ambition only is to earn;
Earth's meagre hopes and all its trifling pleasures,
Born of the dust unto it must return
The high born soul to mightier things aspiring,
Seeketh a dwelling in the upper air,
Where it can roam, its gloriest joys desiring,
Far from the reach of Finality or of Care.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Discovery;

A Tale in Short Chapters.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, AUTHOR OF "JERUSALEM," "THE STAR LEMA," &c.

CHAPTER I.

The scene of our narrative lies among those magnificent manifestations of nature, so often described by travellers, and yet, still but partially portrayed. The glacier—the torrent, frozen mid-way in its furious leap—the mountains, seeming more of Heaven than earth—and the burning sun, or the silvery stars glittering down upon the ice—seas must be seen to be appreciated. They must taste in all their glorious magnificence, upon the eye, before the soul can fully feel the might of Him

"Who spread the waters, and who heaved the Alps."

Among these wilderness of marble, snows, and torrents, the spirit, however, was dimly walk. And it is there that a drama of life, still alluded to by many a hunter, which we intend to relate, occurred.

"The blast blows furiously, my son," said old Perez, as the tempest came rushing like the dark wing of a fiend over the valley in which the peasants had fixed their home; "And," continued he, "you must not venture out to-night."

"Father, I must!" was the reply, spoken in a tone at once firm and respectful. "How could I forgive myself, if the poor traveller perished in the storm, when I, who know every chasm, glacier and precipice, remained by the warm hearth!"

The speaker was a finely formed young hunter of the Alps, who had numbered about twenty summers. His keen dark eye and commanding brow would not have led any one to believe that nature had intended him only for the sphere which he seemed doomed to fill.

The affectionate father, still insisted on his son's remaining.

"Roland," said he, "without you, what would I be but a poor old man, childless and compassionless! Ah! think of me!"

"Father,—God knows that you are dearer to me than aught else in this world. You know that I would not risk my life, too far, while you were living. But you overrate the danger. Have I not braved nights stormy as this before?"

The father could say no more, and the young man quickly prepared himself for the errand of mercy. After crossing his brow and receiving the blessings of old Perez, he sallied forth.

"Heaven protect him!" exclaimed the father, falling on his knees.

Oh! those who dwell in a land such as ours, where death is rarely caused by the wrathful elements—where no avalanche hovers above our peaceful dwellings, and no precipice yawns before our trembling feet—cannot feel that reliance on Him who walks upon the wings of the wind and directs the flame-bolt—which awes and thrills the lonely heart of the Alpine dweller—whose life ever seems suspended by a breath. He awakes in the morning and finds the homestead of his neighbor buried beneath the terrible avalanche. He walks over the mountain-paths and views an hundred memorials of those disasters which precipitated his fellow beings into eternity. Is it surprising then, that the peasant of those regions is so faithful to his religious duties, or, that he so often utters the prayer to his God!

Still onward and upward pressed the undaunted hunter, cautiously feeling his way amid the snow-covered chasms. Yet, notwithstanding his knowledge of those mountain tracks, he would often pause and peer around in the darkness. More than once, was he compelled to lie down and wait until a blast of more than uncommon force had swept over him. His only torch amid this perilous journey, was the irregular lightning, which, darting from its cloud, lighted up, for a few seconds, peak and glacier, and then left the scene wrapt in denser darkness than before.

Roland thus struggled along for an hour, when a cry, loud and long, swept through the tempest and arrested his steps. He shouted, in answer, but no reply came back. The hunter fearlessly dashed forward in the direction of the voice. His progress was soon arrested by a form lying across the path, and, stooping down to discover the nature of the obstacle, he found a human body, already becoming stiff and cold. Waiting for a flash of lightning to reveal more fully the condition of the sufferer, Roland had time to collect his thoughts and take a short rest, so much demanded by the exhaustion consequent on his exertions. He did not remain long.

All great souls have heard of the sudden changes in the elements among the mountain regions of Italy. A flash of lightning followed by a crashing burst of thunder, was the herald of an immediate hush of the storm. As if by magic, the clouds rolled away; the blast died into a low whisper, and through the upper rifts, still remaining, sparkled out the silver stars, like angel messengers telling of beauty and quietude.

Roland immediately perceived, that, he had fortunately come to the aid of an aged person, who without his timely, and we may say, Providential assistance, would have shortly perished. The thin grey hairs which hung around his forehead, were moistened with blood, and a gash on his head, of considerable length, although not deep, showed that he had encountered great peril in the tempest.

The hunter immediately applied to his lips the common restoration of those frozen regions. The cordial seemed to revive him; but it was not until the flask was almost emptied, that Roland was inspired with a hope of his recovery. The sufferer was soon able to sit alone, and at last, with the aid of the hunter, rose to his feet.

Roland, giving the stranger his arm, slowly retraced his steps, until he gained the main path which led to the cottage. This was easily accomplished, as the stars had now come out in all their full splendor. Yet their progress was painful, owing to the weak condition of the benighted.

But as all things in this world must have an end (and this chapter is a most notable example) Roland with his friend entered, at last, the door of his humble dwelling.

CHAPTER II.

Morning found the stranger quite restored. The hunters provided him with their simple fare, of which he partook very heartily and with many thanks. Yet the host and his son were not particularly pleased with his manners. He had a *hauteur* which puzzled them both. As old Perez was about the stranger's own age, he felt at liberty to address him.

"Sir," said he, "I bless him who overrules all for the best, that, my counsel did not prevail last night—or you would have perished."

"And what was that?" asked the guest.

"I counselled Roland not to venture out into so wild a storm."

"Indeed!—and if your son had followed your advice he would have lost his fortune."

Perez and his son stood gazing at each other in a vacant surprise, which seemed much to amuse the speaker. But Roland rallied and cried,

"What fortune, sir?"

"The fortune which Lemo di Monaldi can confer."

"Our liege lord!" exclaimed Perez and Roland, throwing themselves at the nobleman's feet.

"Rise! Rise! I owe you a debt and it shall be paid!" The command was of course obeyed.

"Yes!" continued the count, "You, Roland, are brave; I see in your keen restless eye the love of adventure, and by our holy virgin you shall have it. Equip yourself quickly, and let us start for the castle. I would not have my followers, if they have reached home, anxious for my safety any longer, although the villains are but little entitled to mercy, seeing that they deserted me on the mountain last night. Quick! Quick, I say."

In a few moments the nobleman and Roland departed. The castle lay but two leagues distant on one of those peaks of the Alps where the ancient feudatory chieftains loved to entrench themselves. And now, we will leave the knight and his companion winding their way along snow-drift and precipice, glittering gloriously in the rays of a morning sun.

CHAPTER III.

The castle to which we have alluded in our last chapter was one of those old structures, seemingly built against time. All the military art of that age had been expended on its defences. There it towered dark and massive, and commanding as the spirit of the age which caused its creation. The banner, floating gorgeously above its lofty battlements, spoke its possessor one of Italy's most powerful lords.

At the break of day, and before the count had awoke in the cottage of Perez, a band came struggling up to the portal of the castle. Their dress and irregular manner of march showed that they had passed through peril and fatigue. They were, indeed, those very retainers of whom Monaldi had spoke, and had, ever since losing their lord in the tempest, been wandering about, until morning found them, with great surprise to themselves, near their own frowning but welcome fastness.

A blast of the horn—a challenge from the sentschal—and the portcullis fell—the drawbridge was lowered, and the vassals were in the court of the castle.

"The count!" cried an hundred voices. But before any reply could be made, a beautiful girl rushed amid the throng, exclaiming,

"My father! where is he?"

The speaker was indeed lovely. She had not passed her seventeenth summer, yet her form possessed all that luxuriance so peculiar to the female aristocracy of Italy. Her hair flowed in dark, rich masses, over a neck whose whiteness rivalled the snows of her native mountains, and her eyes sparkled with that soul like expression, which of itself confers loveliness over the whole countenance.

Ida di Monaldi was, in truth, most lovely. Her question was answered to such a manner as to satisfy her that no danger was to be apprehended on her father's account, and she immediately returned to her apartments. But great uneasiness existed in the large crowd of retainers, and they actively set about devising measures for the rescue of the count. Such a variety of plans, however, were proposed, and so much debate followed in the discussion of each, that a voice was heard at the gate before a single wrangler had grasped a spear for the journey.

"Our lord, the Count di Monaldi!" joyously exclaimed the warder. Quick as lightning he and Roland were admitted. Ida flew to her father's embrace, and deeply did Roland cherish the look which she gave him, when the count informed them all, that, in the young hunter, they beheld his deliverer.

The count ordered those of his retainers who had been so negligent or unfortunate as to leave him alone in the storm into confinement. But at the prayer of Roland, who depicted to him the ease with which such a circumstance might occur, Monaldi pardoned them.

So Roland has already made friends.

CHAPTER IV.

It was already noon, and the count, holding court in his lofty hall, bade the usher call Roland. In a few moments the hunter entered.

"Well, my young deliverer," said the knight, "of course you wish to try your fortune. Stirring times! Laurels for a brave heart and true!"

Roland's eye darted fire—his whole form seemed to dilate—yet he made no reply.

"What, hunter, do you not answer?"

"My lord, words cannot express my gratitude—but—but—" and he hesitated.

"But! but! What do you mean?" exclaimed the passionate count.

"My father?"

"Tut! tut man, has not our castle ample room! He shall live here!"

A tear sparkled in the eye of Roland, and he exclaimed,

"My lord, Count di Monaldi, I am ready. What would you have me do?"

"Join my ranks, sir hunter! Battle, battle for your liege lord!" cried the nobleman, in a voice of ill-repressed exultation; for the hero of the Alps had various accomplishments, for the age in which he lived, and the selfish knight rejoiced to the possession of a follower so promising.

"Yes!" he continued, "win a name!"

"My lord," asked Roland, "when shall I couch a lance?"

"To-morrow! The duke of Aldano has called on me for aid. I attempted last evening to reach his castle, and the storm, from whose violence you saved me, prevented my arrival; but now with a new start, a brave soul, and Roland the hunter, we can give our counsels in arms a right good service."

"But when shall my father come to the castle?" asked the hunter.

"This very day!" replied the count. "Ho! usher, give directions for the conveyance of old Perez to our castle immediately."

The person addressed withdrew, leaving the knight and Roland alone.

"Sir hunter, I have marked you well. You are brave; are you honest?"

The eye of a less experienced reader of human nature than Monaldi's could have perceived the change which came over the face of Roland; and the Count quickly continued.

"Not every one, can be trusted now;—yet I will trust you." And then if the hunter had stood a little nearer to the speaker, he would have heard him muttering,

"This man is over bold in manner, still it suits me to bide him."—then raising his voice, the knight exclaimed, "Now for the time, adieu; I will give orders for your equipment."

Roland and the Count separated.

CHAPTER V.

And the humble hunter is a warrior! Strange, oh life, are thy vicissitudes! strange in ages agone! strange even in days! A turn of the wheel, and a demagogue is senator!—

Perez has already joined his son. All is life and bustle in the court-yard of the castle. One hundred men-at-arms, glittering in the rays of an Italian sun, with casque and spear, awaiting the Count Monaldi's back. And see, by the side of the old veteran, Roland, the hunter of the Alps!

Was it gratitude or interest which procured his promotion? Both.

The mailed train marched through the archway. Ida saw them, and standing on the marble steps, the lovely girl, between smiles and tears, waved her adieu. She had observed Roland—she had marked his gallant bearing—she had even gave him a look—which was not unreturned—did her eyes last gaze upon the form of her father or Roland?

The course of the adventurers can be briefly related. They joined the duke and he was victorious. In the melee of battle Roland was ever conspicuous and more than once did he save the life of his aged leader. After the final combat, the count was so disabled by his wounds, that the retainers were compelled to transport him on a litter. The hunter, or rather hero, as we may now call him, was ever by the side of his lord, whose attachment seemed boundless.

The castle, at last, was reached, and the chieftain repaired in his ancient halls. Yet, notwithstanding the attentions of his leech, the count was ever unsure without the presence of his favorite retainer. This disposition of Monaldi of course threw Roland in the society of the daughter.

Oh, hels! three hels are the first out-gushings of love's unsealed fountain. Naught of earth's selfishness mingles in its silvery waters—angels alone trouble their beautiful depths. Ida remembered her station—the heraldic honors of five hundred years called loudly to her—and bravely did she struggle—that proud and lovely lady. Was it in vain?

Softly fell the glory of an evening sun over those majestic mountains—resting like a gorgeous diadem on their regal fronts. Ida and Roland sat by the couch of the sleeping warrior, now gazing on his pallid brow, and then looking out through the old gothic window upon the splendid scene which stretched beyond.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the lady in a voice as low and sweet as the murmuring of a rill in summer.

"All things are beautiful to the beautiful," exclaimed Roland.

The lady started—crimson mounted up to her snowy brow, and it would have been difficult to tell whether pleasure or anger caused the lovely blush.

"Ida! are you offended!" whispered the hunter, "think that my heart, not my lips, spoke."

There was that in Roland's tone and manner which told Ida that she was believed.

"Offended!" exclaimed she, but checking herself, she said,—"Roland!—no more of this—we—we"—and the beautiful girl could not express her emotion.

"Ida!" cried the hunter, taking her hand, "Ida! I love you—in the field your image was my star—you, you were my soul—spurn me not—say, say only that you love me and I am content—aye, if it is your pleasure, I will leave the castle."

She could not reply; tears were the only answer. "I know the difference in our lot—yet may not the pure orb of heaven love and illumine the lowly brook?"

"Say no more," replied Ida, "I do—I do love you, though it ruins me."

She fell into his arms and he mingled kisses with her tears.

Oh, very beautiful was the love of those two young beings. Ida, the high-born Ida in the embrace of a hunter of the Alps! The ills which rose up to their view—ills consequent on their passion—only knitted them more closely together.

Secure as they felt for the time, an ear heard them. The sound of their voices had awakened the count, and he listened to the last words, which the lovers had uttered, but astonishment as well as weakness prevented his speaking.

Ida and Roland parted, with hearts already half broken—for each apprehended the trials which might await them.

It is said that an unusual impulse given to the mind of the invalid will often wonderfully aid in his recovery. So it was with the Count di Monaldi. Rage seemed to act like an electric stroke upon his frame, and in a few days he was able to leave his couch and once more stand among his vassals—a battle-daring lord.

"Traitor! serpent!" cried the haughty chieftain to Roland, as he met him in the corridor, "what doom does that one deserve who betrays his master!—who creeps into his affection, but to blast his fair name, and to blight a house whose lustrels have flourished without a stain for centuries!—speak knave!"

Roland, although surprised, was not incapable of replying.

I never *crept* into the affections of the Count di Monaldi. He chose me!—neither would I sully the glory of his house!"

"Liar!" cried the infuriated noblemen—"Liar! you shall feel my vengeance. The filthy swallow has flown into the eagle's nest—the talons of the kingly bird shall revenge him! What, ho!" His call was heard by the retainers who instantly came in. "Take this knave and confine him, until I order his release, and," turning to Roland, he whispered, "that release will lead you to death!"

Roland bowed his head and followed the retainers, and Count Monaldi was left alone with his conscience and pride in stern battle.

CHAPTER VI.

Ida and those vassals whom the hunter had saved from the wrath of the old chieftain, in vain attempted to release the young hunter. For days he lay in his dungeon suffering; but still brave.

Evening again shone around the Alps. The bustle in the court yard told that some important event was about to transpire. Yet was such an event of no astonishment to the retainers. They knew the imperious nature of their lord and had often seen as well as felt its effects. In those days the feudatory chieftain was judge and jury, and to those functions he sometimes even united that of accuser.

Although our readers may be shocked that the Count di Monaldi had doomed Roland to death, they must certainly be not astonished with the age in which he lived to be much surprised. Italy had been torn by domestic dissentions for almost a century. Her fair plains had blushed with gore, and her eyes had been blinded by the flash of swords, until, as with all other nations who abandon for any any great length of time the laurel for the spear, she meekly bowed her neck beneath the tread of the mailed chieftain.

Thus that scaffold in the court-yard caused no wonder, if regret.

Yet was the mind of Monaldi ill at ease. He remembered the hunter's youth and bravery—the night of the storm and the battle field; but thoughts of family pride, and a vassal presuming to approach a scion of his house, came in and swept away all thoughts of mercy. The order was consequently given and Roland stood upon the scaffold. But even now his high heart failed him not; once, and once only was the slightest emotion of pain or sorrow perceivable on his face; and that was when his eye fell upon Perez, who leaned grasping for breath on the arm of a retainer. Roland in vain looked around for Ida; aristocracy had confined her close. In his endeavors to seek her out, the form of Monaldi rose up before his vision, dark, stern, and unbending. The old lord stood apart, and his scowling brow said to Roland, "*There is no hope!*"

"My lord," cried the doomed man, "I have served your life more than once, as those here assembled can witness—and this is my reward. Standing here upon my grave, I would not exchange lots with you. I would still rather be the poor, but honest Roland—than the hunter of the Alps—until seduced from his pursuit—to be murdered. Once before, I said, 'my lord, I am ready!' I repeat it."

All were moved by these words, save the count, who seemed to care

"Make yourself quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile. "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favorite."

"Oh! then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very particular upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she should be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like, of all things, to give it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have no less intimates here."

"Oh, only one of my old nurses."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What, little Mary Stephens! How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, mending caps, and knitting socks for all the little dirty urchins in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys back of our houses than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know every body has been half dying to see you, and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a scrupulous girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want of flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you never noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in the close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what besides."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, and cook, as you say—if I had to spend every moment of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from my window but a back side-walk, or a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence—all sentiment; poor people have no time to be sentimental; besides, I don't think it will grow with them—it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good a quality as that that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God gives are the gift of all alike. You will see that my little rose will be as well and merry in Mrs. Stephens's room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes or a ham, for example."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be had; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little pleasures or gratifications that we may have it in our power to give. I know that there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye kindle as she has looked on these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all that she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture that she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any idea of *taste*."

"Then why do you see so often the geranium or rose carefully nursed in an old cracked tea-pot in the poorest room, or the morning glories planted in a box, and made to twine around the window. Do not all these show how deep in our human heart vestes after the beautiful? You remember how Mary our washwoman set up a whole night after a hard day's work, that she might make her first baby a pretty little dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at you for making such a tasty little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think that the look of perfect delight and satisfaction with which the poor girl regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have thanked me more if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but pray have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once; even go on your own way."

And the little lady began practicing a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

PART II.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a chair but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and filled with only article in the room that seemed so. A pale sickly looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked back and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her light blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight, as she held up the small vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh see! mother, see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The pale woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"Glad bless her!" said she, involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I know you would feel so, mother, don't it make your headache better to see this flower? Now you won't look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me, that it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower! Where shall we put it?" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position, and then in another, and finally ended by setting it on the table, that she might be reminded lest that the rosetree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly!" said Mary; "well, then, it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do, no, though it does not show both the buds—turn it farther round—a little more—there, it's right;" and Mary walked round the room to view the rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, we feel quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile. "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favorite."

"Oh! then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very particular upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she should be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like, of all things, to give it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have no less intimates here."

"Oh, only one of my old nurses."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What, little Mary Stephens! How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, mending caps, and knitting socks for all the little dirty urchins in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys back of our houses than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know every body has been half dying to see

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall, graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a wayfarer and stranger in the place, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens' patrons. His eye, as he was going out, rested admiringly upon the rose; he stopped and looked earnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said little Mary, quickly, "by a young lady, as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and rather struck with the simplicity of the communication, "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful young lady,—they say she was from foreign parts, though she speaks English just like any other lady, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in this city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No, she left some months ago," said the widow; but noticing the shade of disappointment on his face, she added, "but you can find all about her by inquiring at her aunt, Mrs. Carlisle's, No. 10, —— street."

As the result of all this, Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, only once; but there had been many obstacles of parents and friends, separation, and long years, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relations were broken for ever over that hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the greenness of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed.

And thus much said, do our fair readers need any help in finishing this story for themselves? Of course not.

From Graham's Magazine for March.

May Evelyn.

BY FRANCES OSGOOD.

Beautiful, bewitching May! How shall I describe her? As the fanciful village-poet, her devoted adorer, declared;—"The pencil that would paint her charms should be made of sunbeams and dipped in the dewy heart of a fresh moss-rose." Whether this same bundle of beams and fragrant rose-dew would have done full justice to her eloquent loveliness, I cannot pretend to say—having never seen any thing dipped the use of any brush less earthly than are made of hog's bristles, nor any color more refined than a preparation from cochineal. Her eyes were "blue as Heaven," the heaven of midsummer—when its warm, intense and glorious hue seems deepening as you gaze, and laughing in the joyous light of day. Her hair, I could never guess its true color; it was always floating in such exquisite disorder over her happy face and round white shoulders—more glistening, glowing, and golden, in the sunshine, like wreaths of glossy gold, and now, in shadow, bathing her graceful neck with soft brown waves, that looked like silken floss, changing fairplayed hide and seek on her face." Her [illegible] sweet lip was slightly curved—just enough to show that there was pride as well as love in her heart. She was, indeed, a spirited creature. Her form was of fairy moulding, but perfect though "petite!" and her motions graceful as those of the Alpine chamois.

Reader, if I have failed in my attempt to convey to you an image of this beautiful grace, beauty and sweetness, I pray you repair my deficiency from the stores of your own lively imagination, and fancy our dear May Evelyn the loveliest girl in the universe.

And now for her history. Her father; of an ancient and noble family, had married, in early life, a beautiful but extravagant woman, who died a few years after their union, leaving him with two lovely children and an all but exhausted fortune. On her death he retired from the gay world, and settled with his infant treasures in Wales, and there, husbanding his scanty means, he contrived to live in comfort if not in luxury. There, too, brooding over the changes of human life—the fallacy of human foresight, and the fickleness of human friendship, he became "a sadder and a wiser man." His two beautiful children, Lionel and May, were the idols of his heart, and well did they repay his love.

May's first serious trouble arose from honoring her father express one day his desire to purchase for Lionel a magnificent rifle, and May, who was a high-spirited and intelligent, and had cherished from childhood an ardent desire for military life; but there was no possibility of raising sufficient money for the purpose, without sacrificing many of their daily comforts.

At this time May was just sixteen; but there was in her face a child-like purity and innocence, which, combined with her playful simplicity of manner, made her appear even younger than she was. She hated study, except in the volume of nature; there indeed she was an apt and willing pupil. Birds and streams and flowers were her favorite books; but though little versed in the lore of her father's well-stored library—she had undoubted genius, and whenever she did apply herself, could learn with wonderful rapidity.

The only science, however, in which she was a proficient, was music—for this she had an excellent ear, and when a mere child, ere her father's removal to Wales, had been under the tuition of a celebrated master. Her voice was rich, sweet and powerful, and her execution on the guitar, piano and harp, was at once brilliant and expressive. She had also, a pretty talent for versifying, and often composed music for words, which, if not remarkable for power or polish, were certainly bewitching when sung by their youthful authoress.

During most of the day, on the morning of which Mr. Evelyn first mentioned his wishes with regard to Lionel, the sunny face of our heroine was clouded with surrowful thought; but toward evening, as her father sat alone in his library, the door suddenly opened, and May, bounding in, her eyes beaming with enthusiasm, exclaimed—"Papa! papa! I have just thought—I know what I'll do!—I'll be a governess." Her father gazed at her in astonishment.

"A governess, May! What can have put such an idea into your head?" May sprang from her seat—"Oh! for Lionel, you know. I can soon earn enough to buy his commission."

"And it is this then, my child," said Mr. Evelyn, tenderly, "that has so improved your usual spirits?" But while he spoke seriously, he could scarcely repress a smile at the thought of the wild, child-like being before him, transformed into a staid, dignified teacher.

During the six weeks following, the devoted girl deprived herself of all her usual outdoor amusements, and, with wonderful energy applied, under her father's guidance, to study. At the end of that time, she laughingly declared that she knew a little of every thing; but still her passion for birds and flowers was far greater than for books.

For the six weeks had well expired, she heard from some young friends, who were on a visit to Wales, from London, that the card of ——— was in want of a governess for her four children. She begged them, on their return, to mention her. This they did, and with youthful exaggeration extolled her talents to the skies.

The Earl was overjoyed that she was the accomplished and amiable daughter of an aged naval officer, saw, in his mind's eye, a learned lady of a certain age, who would, perhaps, prove a mother in kindness and usefulness to his orphan children, and gladly acceded to the desire of his young friends, that he should make trial of her.

The pose things were not aware what a little monsoon they were encountering; for the youthful Lionel, who, sometimes took a peep into the library, and stared in surprise at the various apparatus for study, had boasted all over the village in which they resided, that his sister knew every thing under the sun, and had mentioned, in corroboration of this sweeping declaration, that she was always poring over French, Spanish, Greek or Latin books. This, her enthusiastic young friends, who, by the way, had only known her a fortnight, took care to make the most of—and the result was, that May was considered, by the Earl, as a most fitting instructress for his children, and dreaded by them as a prim and severe restraint upon their hitherto unchecked amusements.

CHAPTER II

It was the morning of the day on which the dreaded governess was expected, Julia, Elizabeth, Georgiana and William—the first fifteen, the second ten, the third eight, and the fourth seven years of age, were at play on the garden of the Earl's country seat. They had heard awful things of governesses from some of their young companions, and the younger children had been wise prating to each other their dread of the expected tyrant. They had, however, resumed their gambols, and forgotten the matter, with that charming versatility which makes them so interesting, when their nurse appeared with the news that the governess had arrived, and was waiting to be introduced to her young charge in the school-room. A sudden change was observable on the countenances of all. It was amusing to watch the expression on each of those young faces. Julia—the pensive and graceful Julia sighed, and bent her soft eyes sadly on the ground, as she instantly turned her steps toward the house. The little wilful and spirited Willie began to strut manfully backward and forward, declaring that he might do as they liked, but that he would not go near the old woman. Georgy pouted—and Lizzie burst into tears. At the sound of weeping, Julia turned back—soothed and cheered them all by turns—kissed away the tears of one sister—smoothed the other's frowning brow with her soft and loving hand, and laughed at Willie till he was fain to join in the laugh in spite of himself. She then desired Georgy to follow her to the school-room—which they did—clinging to her dress, however, as if they expected to see a monster in the shape of a governess; but as they reached the flight of steps which led from the lawn to the house, their courage failed, and, leaving Julia to second alone, they suddenly and simultaneously turned to escape, and hurrying away, concealed themselves in the garden, where they soon resumed their sports.

In the meantime Julia had ascended the steps, and stood gazing in silent astonishment through the glass door opening into the school-room. The object of her dread was there—but not as she had pictured her—a prim, severe old maid. A girl apparently younger than herself, with a sweet glowing face, shaded by a profusion of lovely hair—her straw bonnet flung on the floor, and her simple white dress looking anything but old-maidish—was stooping to caress the favorite dog, Carlo, while the pet-parrot sat perched on her shoulder, mingling his gorgeous plumage with her light brown curls, and crying with all his might, "old-maid governess! old-maid governess!" As our heroine raised her head, wondering at the strange salutation, (which, by the way, master Willie had been maliciously teaching him for some time previous,) her eyes encountered those of the smiling Julia, who, equally surprised and delighted at the scene, already saw, in Miss Evelyn, a friend after her own heart, such an one as she had long ardently desired.

[illegible] nurse entered the room, and simply to May—"This is your older pupil, madam." At the words "madam" and "pupil," both May and Julia tried hard to repress the smiles which would peep through their eyes and lips—in vain. The dimples on the cheek of the youthful governess grew deeper and deeper—Julia's dark eyes flashed through their drooping fringes more and more brightly, and, at length, the smothered merriment burst irresistibly forth. No sooner had the latter's eye caught the arch glance and her ear the musical laugh of May, than she sprang forward to clasp her readily extended hand, exclaiming, "I am sure you will be my friend!"

"That I will," said May, "if you won't call me old-maid governess again."

"Old-maid governess, old-maid governess," screamed the parrot from his cage.

May began to look grave, and Julia, blushing with vexation, led her gently to the cage, outside of the door, and pointed to the bird in silence. "How stupid I was!" exclaimed May, "I quite forgot the parrot when I saw that beautiful dog. I do so love dogs—don't you?"

"Yes! but I love you better," said Julia, affectionately, throwing her arm around her new friend's neck, and sealing her avowal with a kiss.

At this moment, Willie was seen peeping and stealthily slyly round the shrubbery—his roguish face subdued to as demure a look as it could possibly assume. For a moment he stared at the pair in amazement and then clapping his hands, he shouted,

"Georgy! Lizzie! Georgy! come and see Julia kissing the governess!"

"Oh! you lovely boy!" exclaimed May—bounding down the steps, "I must have a kiss!" and away she flew after the little rosy rogue—he laughing as heartily as to impede his progress, till at last helpless, from very glee, he fell into her arms, and allowed her to kiss him half a dozen times before he remembered that she was the teacher so dreaded by them all. When he did recollect, he looked up half incredulously in her face.

"You are not old!" said he,—"no, not yet prim, nor cross. I don't think you are so very ugly either, and maybe you don't know much after all. I say

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A NEW NOVEL.

We shall commence publishing in the Post in a week or two, *an original novel*, by H. W. Herbert, Esq. author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," etc., entitled, "Ringwood the Rover." The first two chapters originally appeared in Colman's Magazine, which work was suspended, and all remember the sensation at that time produced by the article. We have purchased the entire story of the Author, making in all some twelve Chapters, and we are much mistaken if it is not pronounced, by our readers, one of the finest novels, ever written by an American.

We intend to spare no expense in procuring for the readers of the Post, the best literary matter of the country.

The Creole Case.

We give, on our Olio page, the letter of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, respecting the Creole case: to Edward Everett, Minister to the Court of St. James. The letter will be read by all parties with interest.

The correspondence, documents and instructions, respecting the Creole, were last week submitted to the Senate. They have not yet been published in detail, but Mr. Calhoun expressed himself satisfied with them.

☞ A. G. Wellis, Esq. of Augusta, Ga. is our only authorised agent for that place and vicinity, and we are much indebted to him for his earnest attention to our business there.

Rhode Island Constitution.

We have often alluded to the political anomaly which this State at present exhibits. The right of voting by an act of the legislature—for as yet there is no constitution in Rhode Island—is confined to freeholders. Against this law the non-freeholders have long protested, and last autumn they called a convention and framed a constitution, which was subsequently submitted to the House and adopted. But the right of voting on the adoption of this constitution, not being confined to freeholders, the question arises whether the sad constitution has been legally adopted. The free-suffrage party—as the authors of this constitution call themselves—contend that their constitution is adopted, and accordingly have nominated a Governor and other officers to be elected this spring. The freeholders, the legislature, and all the authorities as at present constituted deny the legality of these movements; but at the same time, have called a convention to frame a constitution. This convention has met and adjourned and the result of their labors is before us. This constitution is to be submitted, to the people on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of March.

The provisions of this new constitution are—Every male white citizen, over 21 years of age, who has resided in the State two years is entitled to a vote. No person can vote on a question of taxation unless he is taxed for 150 dollars. The legislature is to sit as usual, and will consist of 77 members in the House and 19 in the Senate. The Governor is the presiding officer of the Senate, and the Lieut. Governor is a member. The assembly cannot incur a public debt exceeding $50,000, without the consent of a majority of the people. The judiciary system has undergone no alteration. This constitution, if adopted, is to go into operation early in May. We cannot learn whether the legal authorities have confined the right of voting on the adoption of this constitution to freeholders, or extended it to those who would become qualified if the constitution should be adopted. Our impression is that the legislature, at its late meeting, made a provision of the latter character.

There are two constitutions in the field. A code framed by an unauthorized body, but said to have been adopted by a majority of freeholders as well as of citizens—the other, framed by a legally constituted convention which has yet to be submitted to the people. The former can only prevail on the principle of revolution: the latter on the peaceable and usual method of reforming a government.

The present is a good occasion to say a word or two on constitutional government, a subject often misunderstood in detail, but whose general principles are exceedingly simple. The people are unquestionably the fountains of all power, but no community, however democratic, can exist without a government. That government is the representative, as it were, of the will of the community of the people; and although the theory is not always right when reduced to practice, yet, as a general rule, we may say that, in a republic, the acts of the government are really and truly the acts of the people. Sometimes a government becomes corrupted, then the right of the people to amend it is clear. In a despotic government, not only hope of an oppressed people is in a violent revolution; but in a republic the laws themselves generally provide a way in which the government can be amended. For instance, the written constitutions of most of our States, stipulate that amendments to the constitution may be adopted by a vote of two thirds of two successive legislatures. The people who live under such constitutions have thus a peaceable method of redress; for, as soon as a clear majority of the voters wish that constitution altered, they have only to elect representatives for that object and the act is done. In Rhode Island, however, it is somewhat different, since there is no written constitution and no stipulated method of reforming the suffrage. Her statesmen can, therefore, only reason by analogy. But still the method, under ordinary circumstances, is clear. No time as a legally constituted government exists in Rhode Island, the constitution can only be legally altered by the concurrence of that government. The true course to amend the suffrages would be for the Legislature of the state to call a convention to frame a constitution, declaring at the same time what persons should vote on the adoption of that constitution. If these persons should subsequently adopt the constitution, then such instrument would become the law of the land.

But we may be asked—if the people should consider themselves aggrieved by this new constitution, what they have no remedy? Certainly. And what? Revolution. Nothing is clearer, then that an aggrieved people may at any time resort to revolution. But what amount of wrong excuses such a desperate remedy, is a matter that the people themselves must determine. In the present instance the movements of the suffrage party in Rhode Island, are clearly revolutionary. The law is with the constituted authority. But then the right of revolution is above all law—and if the constitution lately adopted by the legal convention, has grossly outraged, in the opinion of the people, their rights, then the propriety of revolution cannot be denied. But here is the question. And this question we do not pretend to decide. The suffrage party of Rhode Island must settle the matter before God and man. If they go on then will have a revolution, and then some mode must decide the conflict.

We have said some words about the matter, for we do not see how else it can be determined. The national government has no right to interfere. We incline, indeed, to think that the matter might be brought before one of the federal courts, on a case arising out of the attempt of a state officer of one party to execute a writ on a member of the other party. If so, a curious question would arise, and one that would exercise the wits of our sharpest lawyers. It rests on the two parties resolves from its position, the contest must be decided on the way or by arms. And even if decided by a federal court, there is a chance that the officers of the court would meet resistance in the execution of their duty. In this case, the federal arm would have to interpose, and federal troops have to be marched into the State to support the law. Here again resistance might occur, so that arms, after all, may have yet to be resorted too, before this difficulty shall be settled.

The whole business is a curious one, and should meet with more attention than it receives in the country at large.

Caught in Oyster Beds.

A number of fishermen have been arrested by the authorities of Delaware for fishing in the waters of that State. The offenders have been taken to Dover. Their names are Christian Faron, George Kauck, John Tuttle, Charles Faur, George Sheets, Charles Ellerman, Jacob Baker, George Yorke, Baker Mordeline, Peter Hayes, Elias Hopkins and Jacob Hopkins. They are all Philadelphians. It is said that the foreign fishing has nearly been destroyed by fishermen who take them out of season, when they are about to deposit their eggs. If this be true, and these men are guilty, let them have their reward.

Cruise in Mosquitomville.

We learn, from the reports of the Attorney General, that during the year 1841, there has been no capital verdict in any of our courts,—the whole number of cases in the several counties, with the exception of Suffolk, has diminished—and that the character of those brought under judicial notice, is decidedly of a milder nature than in former years. A vast proportion of the whole criminal calendar of Massachusetts is the direct or indirect consequence of intemperance, and the numerical diminution is owing to the present temperance efforts.

Dreadful Cruelties.

Young Combs, who was taken with the Santa Fe expedition, and has since been released, has published an account of the horrible sufferings endured by the prisoners. On reading the account, the conviction follows that in some respects the Mexicans are not one remove in civilization above the savages on their borders,—if the conduct of the government, its agents and soldiers in this particular case, is to be regarded as any criterion for the moral standing of the nation at large. It appears from the statement of Mr. Combs, that a detachment of the Expedition, but what number he does not mention, reached the neighborhood of Santa Fe after a distressing march of about three months.—Here, through treachery, they became prisoners in the hands of the Mexicans, though no grounds are stated for this hostile proceeding. At this time the prisoners were jaded and exhausted with hunger, having lived for many days on snakes, toads and wild berries. As soon as the treacherous capture had been effected, a series of atrocious cruelties commenced, part of which Mr. Combs thus recites:

"Food was furnished the troops, and they were treated with some leniency until the next day, when the Governor arrived with about fifteen hundred men, a force sufficient to make him secure in his barbarity; we were seized and bound six and eight together, with hair ropes and thongs of raw hide, and put in a filthy sheep-fold, surrounded by a large armed guard. The Mexican officers then excited the Poons to the highest degree of phrensy, by the accounts they gave of the Texians, and we were prevented from being slaughtered by being huddled together in a small yard enclosed by a mud wall, and defended by the regular troops. In this place we were kept all night, lying in heaps, one upon another, and suffering the most intense agony from the closeness of the confinement and the pressure of the ropes with which we were bound, and in full hearing of the disputes in the council called by the Governor to deliberate upon our destiny, which decided about day-break, by a single vote, that we should not be shot, but marched off for Mexico.

"At sun rise we had to take up our march for the city of Mexico, about two thousand miles distant—the soldiers telling us that we were going to the mines. Bound six and eight together, we were forced to travel, the three first days about thirty miles each, without food and even denied the privilege of drinking when we were wading the small streams, through which we were marched. We were stripped of hat, shoes, blankets and coats. The Governor himself took from me my blanket and buffalo robe, cursing and striking the prisoners and raving like a madman; because (as we heard) his wish to have us shot had been overruled in council. I was obliged to give my shirt, in the extremity of my distress, for a load of provisions, and swapped a tolerably good pair of pantaloons for a ragged pair upon receiving a mouthful or two to eat in the exchange. When we arrived at the Rio del Norte, I had parted with every thing but my tattered trousers, vest and suspenders, every thing else having been disposed of for bread or robbed from me by the soldiers. Nor were the other prisoners in a better condition. The weather was then cold and we were nigh perishing in our nakedness.

"After a few days march, it was found impracticable for us to get on with any speed bound together in such numbers. We were then tied two together, and to each pair there was a rope tied about the waist, neck or arms, and fastened to the pummel of the saddle of the horses on which the guard was mounted. The soldiers would occasionally put their horses in a gallop to torture those fastened to them, and whenever any of us fell down or lagged behind, we were dragged upon the ground and beaten with thongs of sticks or whatever else was at hand.

"The principal, indeed almost all the food we received during the route, was furnished by the women, who would follow us in large numbers for miles, weeping at the cruelties to which we were subjected. They would not be allowed sometimes the discharge of their offices of charity—the soldiers beating them off and reviling them with obscene and abusive language. We were marching, at times, all night and all day, blinded by sand and parched with thirst, till our tongues were so swollen as almost to be incapable of speaking.

In this manner we were hurried on to the city of Mexico, which we reached toward the close of December."

The only exception among the Mexican guard to the charge of these barbarities was an officer, who was in command about five days, who treated the prisoners as "human beings." Having arrived at Mexico in the miserable condition above described, Santa Anna, the Dictator, ordered them to be heavily chained and confined in a room over a cemetery, where "the effluvia from the dead bodies beneath was offensive in the extreme." Subsequently Combs and his companions were made to work in the streets of Mexico, with the heavy chains about their ankles, and he was thus treated for several weeks, although immediately after his arrival in the city he had interceded, and was the well of the humane citizenship. Thus far the narrative exhibits the ordinarily of Santa Anna and his agents, but there are other facts interesting in a national point of view. There is one, Mr. Combs was finally summoned before the Dictator. He says

"During the interview, Santa Anna did not once mention the name of our Minister, Mr. Ellis, as having demanded me, and I gathered from what I heard and saw, that my liberation could not be traced to the energy of our representative in Mexico, or the dread of the Dictator of the resentment of my government. Before my release I ascertained from our Secretary of Legation, that Mr. Ellis had called several times upon Santa Anna, but was refused an audience. To my enquiry Santa Anna, the manner in which the representative of the United States allowed himself to be treated, he answered there was no help for it. Mr. Ellis subsequently addressed a note to Santa Anna, but what effect it had I know not, it can be imagined from the refusal of an audience upon three several occasions. While I was in prison I neither saw Mr. Ellis, nor received any word of reply to my letters to him. The Secretary gave for an excuse for this negligence, as I deemed it, that it was not becoming the dignity of a minister to correspond with a prisoner.

* * * * * * *

After my release, the Dictator ordered his state coach to convey me in my rags to look at the city, and thence in company with General Barragan, to the office of Mr. Ellis. Several of the higher Mexican officers in the city—especially Barragan—expressed sympathy for me and treated me kindly."

If Mr. Combs, says a co-temporary, be not in error when he states that the representative of the United States was repeatedly insulted by the Chief Magistrate of the Republic of Mexico, it would seem due to the right and honor of our Government to enquire into the mode of treating its minister, and to enforce "help for it." The wrong does not stop in this case with the personal injuries sustained by Mr. Combs. If he had even been one of a hostile force, duty made a prisoner of war, the application in his behalf called for a respectful and a prompt answer, whether honorable or unfavorable. The indignities suffered by Mr. Ellis if correct, demand, we think, a course not to be tolerated from any government which pretends to recognize the code of civilized nations in their diplomatic intercourse, and to receive foreign ambassadors.

The State Debt.

Mr. Gamble of the House has reported a bill providing for the permanent payment of the interest on the State Debt. The bill declares that each county shall annually raise by taxation, the sum of one million, five hundred thousand dollars to be paid into the State Treasury semi-annually, at least ten days preceding the 1st of February and the 1st of August. This sum, together with the sum of five hundred thousand dollars of the revenue heretofore pledged, specially for the payment of interest, shall be kept by the Treasurer as a separate fund for the payment of interest upon the public debt, any balance to be transferred to the sinking fund and applied to the extinguishment of the public debt. A board of Tax Commissioners are to apportion the sum to be raised among the counties, according to the amount of taxable property within them. After the first day of August, 1843, the balance of the tolls upon the canals and railroads and all other revenues, after deducting annually $500,000 for the purposes above mentioned, shall be applied to the payment of expenses upon the canals and railroads, and keeping the same in repair, in defraying the ordinary expenses of the government, and in support of common schools. The bill was made the order of the day for Wednesday Mr. Gamble is a member of the Committee of Ways and Means.

The subject of apportioning the taxes more equitably through the State, certainly deserves legislative attention, as the greatest disparity now exists between the amount paid by the several counties. For instance Crawford county with a population of more than 31,000, pays $2,766 State tax, while Dauphin with a population of less than 31,000, pays a State tax of $13,000.

Literary Ambassadors.

The Liverpool Journal says "Of literary ambassadors there have lat late been very eminent men, viz Niebuhr, the historian, at the court of Rome; Dr. Bunsen, his successor, author of "The Roman Forum," whose wife, Madame Bunsen, is an English woman, and one of the co-heiresses of a wealthy Welsh iron-master—the other daughter married Sir Benjamin Hall, the member for Marylebone; and lastly, Mr. Everett, one of the most distinguished of the American *literati*, the new Minister of the Cabinet of the United States." Add Washington Irving, Mr. Cogswell, and Mr. Wheaton, on the part of the United States.

Girard College Case.

The committee appointed by the legislature on the matter of the Girard Bequest has been in session in our city during the past week. The testimony of Mr. Stewart was the most important given. He said that he had submitted a plan for the building of the College, which was in accordance with the will of the late Stephen Girard. His plan had no pretensions to any one particular order of architecture, but it presented a union of the chief orders. The principal order of the present edifice, was the Corinthian, from the Lantthorn of Demosthenes—and the inside columns from the Temple of the Winds. He (the witness) would agree to build a College in accordance with his plan, and to give security to complete it in three years, for $700,000; and such plan was in accordance with Mr. Girard's will. His (the witness's) estimate of the outbuildings and wall, would be $300,000—making a total of $1,000,000. The plan was particularly described, and it was said to be without any needless ornament. Mr. Stewart considered the present plan a violation of Mr. Girard's will; and he had estimated the cost of the columns and useless ornaments alone, at $750,000; in which calculation he did not embrace the columns and other ornaments on the inside.

John M. Read, Esq. was also examined. He had been employed by the Delaware wharf owners, in relation to some property of Mr. Girard, and had made the will the subject of particular study. He was of opinion that the present building was in violation of the will. The idea of the surrounding portico did not originate with any of the architects who gave in the 17 plans for competition. Mr. R. went into some descriptions of the College, to show that he believed that it was in violation of the will. A committee of Common Councils made a report on the 27th August, 1840, expressive of their conviction that if the Committee of 1833 had anticipated the expense of the present building, they would not have adopted it. The estimate of the plan submitted and adopted in 1833, was $900,000; but the actual expenditure up to January 1, 1842, was $1,286,697. The estimate of the Committee of Councils in August, 1840, was that it would require $1,000,000 to complete the building; and the amount expended in 1841, was $83,783. The Girard Fund at present consists of 5,331 shares of U. S. Bank stock, worth nothing; $72,200 in City 5 per cent. stock;—the whole amounted to $636,036. The Councils had been advised in some of the newspapers of the day, to invest all they could in mortgages.

Jacob Souder, testified that up to July, 1841, he had been a sort of general superintendent of the workmen. He was of opinion that men had been employed with a political view. He said, I think the committee took the employment of hands from me with few exceptions, as they wanted me to employ Whigs, and I refused. Cannot say, of my own knowledge, that the men were marched at any time in a body to the polls in Penn Township. I know they were there. I know that persons were dismissed from employment on account of their politics; one was a carpenter, and he was one of the best workmen; this has been ever had at the College. There were others dismissed on account of their politics, I believe, in 1838. I heard some of the men say that they were brought there to vote—to be colonized. I have heard some of the committee express themselves that the College ought to carry the county; there were other members of the committee that agreed with me, that it would not and ought not.

Mr. Souder further testified that a number of members of the committee was opposed to the preference in the employment of men on account of their politics, and I believe, also, a majority of the Councils were opposed to it—there was not a time during the eight years that I was superintendent, that there were not men of both political parties employed there. I never knew any influence to be brought to bear upon the workmen to induce them to vote the Whig ticket. I do not believe the Councils elected me to be superintendent because they believed me to be a Whig.

Boundary Question.

Governor Davis of Massachusetts has sent a message to the Legislature of that State, calling the attention of that body to the Maine Boundary Question. In view of the mission of Lord Ashburton, the Governor suggests some legislative action respecting the boundary question. It will be recollected that Massachusetts owns large tracts of land in Maine, and is consequently interested directly in the matter.

It will be seen by the following extract from the message, that though Massachusetts holds to her right in conjunction with Maine, as to the treaty in dispute, yet that she is disposed to settle the matter amicably, by agreeing to a conventional boundary for an equivalent satisfactory to Maine and the United States Government as well as that State. This is an important feature in the case, and points out the way by which the whole of this difficulty. The following is the passage referred to:—

"We have sufficient evidence that Great Britain desires the possession of a portion of the territory west of the treaty line, for the purpose of making a road to facilitate intercourse between her provinces; we feel also as if she could not resist with violence the demonstrative act of taking possession in the treaty, of our right to this territory. She has, therefore, in carrying out her plan, manifested but one alternative—which is, to enforce, if she can, her pretension against right, or to propose a conventional boundary. If she takes the latter course, it must be founded on an equivalent for any concession made for her accommodation, and that equivalent must be satisfactory to Maine, which holds the right of State sovereignty, and one moiety of the soil; and to Massachusetts, which holds the other moiety of the soil, and to the United States, which hold the power of negotiation and treaty-making. We do not acknowledge as constitutional right to transfer territory and jurisdiction without the assent of the States interested.

"Without any evidence of coming events beyond probability, I have thought such a contingency as this is likely to occur, that I could not reconcile it with my duty to keep it unprovided for. I have therefore brought it to your consideration, not because I doubt the character of our State to the territory and jurisdiction, or to any compromise which would involve a voluntary surrender of what belongs to us, or would imply any uncertainty in our minds as to the ultimate determination to maintain our right, but that provisions may be made for making known the sentiments of the commonwealth, in case terms of compromise shall be discussed with a view to a settlement of the controversy. The subject is of such importance that it should be discussed with a view to a settlement, if it can be known to me, except as disclosed to the public, but I do not view it as an impossibility that terms may be proposed which will meet the appreciation of both, and it is for this event I would have the commonwealth prepared—that she may assert and vindicate her just rights, and at the same time do whatever is consistent with them to promote an amicable adjustment of the controversy."

Woman's Love.

In the New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday, under the editorial head, are a few affecting circumstances of M'Donald Clark, now a raving inmate of a Lunatic Asylum. Poor Clark was a man whose "chivalry" constituted almost his sole claim to the poetic character. He was always partially decorated and surrounded himself wherever he went, with the hue of his forehead to increase its elevation, wore his collar turned down and imitated in other respects the noble lord's habits and appearance. To complete the resemblance he got married, choosing for his wife a Miss Brundige, an humble and indigent actress. In his Hyrome mania, Clark treated her so badly that she was obliged to leave him. "He was at that time," says the Advertiser "so great that she could not find a place to lay her head, or a person to appease her hunger. He then slept wherever he could find a covering; and he has told us, as the tears gathered in his eyes, that his wife, living upon her slender wages, would stealthily supply him with such food as she could, by taking from the table a potatoe and a crust of bread, and wrapping them in her handkerchief, meet him at some appointed corner in the evening, where unpercieved he could eat from her hand the scanty food she could thus supply." What a beautiful picture this of woman's pure, unselfish, abiding love,—the high reward, which strong cannot weaken, which penury cannot chill, which time cannot waste!

Warm Feet.

One of the surest preservatives of health is to keep the feet warm. We have often met with remarks on this subject, but none have pleased us more than the following from a physician.

"Let every one who wishes to keep his feet warm and dry, and see that the blood vessels on the top of the feet are duly distended with blood; this may be known by comparing them with the vessels on the back of the hand, while hanging down—those in the feet should be the largest, as the quantity of blood carried to any part must be in proportion to the size of that part. Let those who are troubled with cold feet, or cough, or headache, put their feet in water as hot as it can be borne, and keep adding more hot water while the feet are in to keep the temperature as at first. So in this condition twenty minutes or more, twice each week before retiring. Put cayenne pepper in the stocking, and wear it. Bathe the feet in alcohol, camphor, and the like. And health may be yours, my friends.

A Fine Singer.

A Mr. Burnham, of Portland, Me. has just discovered that he possesses a wonderful powers of voice, of which he was entirely unconscious until within a few months. Careful training within that time, however, has developed a musical voice of great richness, sweetness, and variety. He has a compass of three octaves and a half, and his falsetto is hardly to be distinguished from his natural voice—these being, in fact, no interval between them. John Neal, Esq. is of opinion that within a short period he may be the finest male singer in America, and one of the finest in the world before he dies.

Foreign News.

The steamship Caledonia, due on the 20th ult., has not yet arrived at Boston. Her day of sailing to Liverpool was the 1st inst., and on the 27th ult., the steamer Unicorn arrived at Boston, from Halifax—having been sent by the agents at Halifax, to take the mail and passengers on Tuesday, in place of the Caledonia.

The Unicorn left Halifax on Friday afternoon, at four o'clock. The day previous to sailing, in consequence of a report of two fishermen seeing a large vessel at some distance from them, apparently immovable, supposed to be the steamer Caledonia, she was despatched to look after the wreck and render assistance.

If the Caledonia or the Columbia should arrive at Halifax during the absence of the Unicorn, she will be detained, and on the return of the Unicorn, the passengers and mails will be transferred to the Unicorn, who will immediately proceed to this port, and the Caledonia or Columbia return to Liverpool, with the passengers and mails from Boston. If the Caledonia is not at Halifax, the Unicorn is to proceed to England.

Mr. Cunard, who was a passenger in the Unicorn, said that no serious fears were entertained at Halifax, respecting the safety of the Caledonia. The strong westerly gales which have prevailed for nearly a month, have doubtless delayed her progress, or compelled her to put back. She may also have been detained by the British government.

Meanwhile, there have been several arrivals from Europe, bringing intelligence to the 19th of January. The Hibernia packet-ship brought intelligence to the 12th of January, the Roscius to the 14th, and the Hudson to the 19th. We digest the intelligence. Captain Morgan, of the Hendrick Hudson, says that he has crossed the Atlantic one hundred and six times, and never before experienced such heavy weather.

Great Britain.

The Columbia steamer reached Liverpool on the 15th. She took out the reports of the debate on the Creole case in the Senate, which, with the accounts of repudiation in the west, have excited some commotion in the English press. The London Times treats the idea of restoring the persons belonging to that vessel as preposterous. It concludes an article in these words:

Summary work, this, with creditors and public officers; but the point will be paid, gentlemen, and the States of Mississippi, Arkansas and Indiana, are not very well inclined to pay him, so somebody rather more "innocent" must. And so we suppose, when all the commercial houses, banks and individual states of America have become bankrupt, it will then be the turn of Congress. Meantime, things go on merrily enough; Texas shall be incorporated, and the Florida Indians subdued, and the Canadian barns burnt, and the navy increased, and England fought with; and "who's afraid?" says Messrs. Upshur and Stevenson.

Parliament.—The meeting of Parliament was fixed for the 3d of February. The usual notice to the supporters of the Ministry had been issued, requesting their punctual attendance.

Heavy falls of snow are not usual in the neighborhood of London; but they had one there on the 13th of January, which lasted six or seven hours. Out of the metropolis the snow lay ten inches deep, and where there were drifts the traveling was not even had at the College. There were others dismissed on account of their politics, I believe, in 1838. I heard some of the men say that they were brought there to vote—to be colonized. I have heard some of the committee express themselves that the College ought to carry the county; there were other members of the committee that agreed with me, that it would not and ought not.

Mr. Souder further testified that a number of members of the committee was opposed to the preference in the employment of men on account of their politics, and I believe, also, a majority of the Councils were opposed to it—there was not a time during the eight years that I was superintendent, that there were not men of both political parties employed there. I never knew any influence to be brought to bear upon the workmen to induce them to vote the Whig ticket. I do not believe the Councils elected me to be superintendent because they believed me to be a Whig.

Latest from Texas.

The steam packet Neptune, Capt. Rollins, thirty-three hours from Galveston, arrived at New Orleans, on the 19th ult.

Congress adjourned on the 5th. The Galveston Civilian states, that body, after having maturely considered the subject, deemed it inadvisable to take measures for the invasion of Mexico at this time, and left the Navy under the law of 1840, at the disposition of the President.

Gen. Hamilton's proposition was declined, and although his mission has terminated, no report of his action under it has been substituted. Some money was obtained, but the precise amount, or on what terms, have never been made public. He designs making a statement through the public prints.

Dr. Ashbel Smith, has been appointed Minister to France; W. H. Dangerfield, Secretary of the Treasury; P. Edmunds, Consul at New Orleans; Henri Castro, Consul General to France; William Kennedy, Consul General to Great Britain.

The new Exchequer Money is selling at a premium of 3 per cent.

Mr. Navaro, who lately left San Antonio to endeavor to procure the liberation of his brother, taken at Santa Fe, was seized soon after crossing the Rio Grande; robbed, and imprisoned by the Mexican authorities.

The barque Rapid, sailed for Liverpool on the 17th inst., with a full load of cotton. A French ship from Nantz, bound in, was lightering off the bar.

Dreadful Tragedy.

A dreadful tragedy has occurred in Wisconsin Territory. The Hon. Charles C. P. Arndt, member of the Council from Brown county, was shot dead on the floor of the Council chamber, by James R. Vinyard, member from Grant county. The affair grew out of a nomination for Sheriff of Grant county. Mr. E. S. Baker was nominated, and supported by Mr. Arndt. This nomination was opposed by Vinyard, who wanted the appointment to vest in his own brother. In the course of debate, the deceased made some statements which Vinyard pronounced false, and made use of violent and insulting language, dealing largely in personalities, to which Mr. A. made no reply. After the adjournment, Mr. A. stepped up to Vinyard and requested him to retract, which he refused to do, repeating the offensive words. Mr. Arndt then made a blow at Vinyard, who stepped back a pace, drew a pistol, and shot him dead.

The issue appears to have been provoked on the part of Vinyard, who was determined at all hazards to defeat the appointment of Baker, and who, himself defeated, turned his ire and revenge upon the unfortunate Arndt.

Such is the story as related by the Southport Telegraph. We look now for the legislature of Wisconsin to take active measures, not only for the punishment of Vinyard, but the punishment of all persons carrying concealed weapons. If Vinyard had not had a pistol this tragedy would not have occurred.

Suffering in England.

Imagination can scarcely conceive the miseries to which the poor of England are reduced. Some slight idea of their suffering may be obtained by a single town. For instance in Carlisle, which has a population of 22,000, there are 1146 individuals who have no means of support whatever, except public charity. There are 1465 persons whose weekly earnings do not exceed twenty-two cents each; 1023, who do not exceed twenty; 1 exceed thirty-three cents each; 692 whose weekly earnings do not exceed forty-four cents each, and 635 whose weekly earnings do not exceed sixty cents each. Thus in a population of 22,000, there are 5561 persons whose aggregate labor yields every week only $1633, being only four cents a day for each one to procure shelter, raiment and food—all the necessaries of life. In the same population, a like number have not much better. We have condensed this statement from a report made by a committee appointed at a town meeting in Carlisle. Distressing as this picture is, there are other parts of Great Britain in which the poverty of the working classes is even deeper and more hopeless than appears from these figures. In the language of a provincial journal, they are in a condition of actual famine.

From Bermuda.

Intelligence has been received from Bermuda to the 15th ult. inclusive. The paper of that date contains a long account of the naval engagement in the harbor of Carthagena, between H. B. M. brigantine Charybdis and the blockading squadron of Carmona, in which the latter, by some strange mistake, is spoken of as the squadron of the Carthaginian, alias New Grenadian government. The Charybdis is spoken of as mounting only three guns, with a crew of fifty-five all told, and she is represented as defeating, in a very short time, a force of three schooners, having on board the former the commodore and twenty-five men, capturing the corvette and the schooners, and sinking the

The first of the British West India Mail Steamers is now expected to arrive at Bermuda on the 16th inst.

Advices from Demerara to the 27th of January had been received. There had been a strike among the plantation laborers, in consequence of which no work had been done for some weeks, but at the latest date it was believed to be giving way. The difficulty arose from a reduction of wages. The laborers had abandoned some of the estates in a body.

Bankrupt Law.

The Judge of the U. S. District Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania, has decided than an applicant for the benefits of the Bankrupt Law cannot be arrested on an execution for debt. He says

"By the English statutes of bankruptcy, the bankrupt is free from arrest or imprisonment by any creditor during the time allowed for examination, provided he was not in custody at the time of the surrender, and if arrested, is entitled to be discharged; and the surrender, if voluntary, protects from arrest for debts till his final examination is passed. Our statute of bankruptcy does not expressly confer this privilege on the bankrupt, but it was not necessary to be conferred. The person and property of the bankrupt are by the law brought within the jurisdiction of the District Court, and the court possesses an inherent power in all cases, of which it has jurisdiction, to cause its orders and decrees to be respected and obeyed, and to protect its suitors from arrest."

The Case of Colt.

The N. York Courier says that in the Court of Oyer and Terminer on Monday, the bill of exceptions in the case of John C. Colt, was submitted to the Court, and after the amendments of the District Attorney had been inserted, the same was allowed, and as soon as a fair copy of the amended bill can be prepared, it will receive the signatures of the Court, and in the meantime a stay of proceedings is granted, so that sentence will not be pronounced until the exceptions taken shall be disposed of by the Supreme Court. The principal exceptions in the case, and the ones which will be most likely to serve the prisoner, are those taken as to the mode in which the jury were empannelled for trying the cause.

Great Britain and Ourselves.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives presented, on Saturday, a number of Executive communications to the House. Among them was one in reply to a resolution of the House, calling for information as to the state of the negotiation between this Government and that of Great Britain on the subject of the North Eastern Boundary. The President, after stating his desire to comply with every call of the Representatives of the People, as to the operations of their Government, when it can be given with safety, says that in his opinion no communication can now be made to the subject of the resolution without detriment or danger to the public service.

From Jamaica.

The New Orleans papers contain intelligence from Jamaica, and to have come by the way of Havana, stating that an insurrection had occurred on the Island of Jamaica, in which the black and brown inhabitants had defeated the English troops and compelled the Governor and commander-in-chief to fly. They further state that the Captain General of Cuba had received intelligence that the victors meditated a descent on the south side of Cuba, whereupon he procured transports and embarked troops for St. Iago. The whole story, however, looks like a hoax, as the latest intelligence direct from Havana, mentions no such expedition.

Floating Dry Dock.

The large and splendid East India ship Zenobia is now undergoing repairs upon the new Dry Dock, at the foot of Rutgers street, in the East River, New York. She was raised by the simple machinery of the Dock in the safest manner, in about two hours and a quarter, and is held in position, as is evident to any intelligent observer, not only easy and secure against any possible strain or injury, but also perfectly convenient for the operations of the ship-wright, affording them broad daylight and full access to the vessel's bottom.

The Steamer Clyde.

This magnificent steamer arrived at New York from Charleston on Sunday. She is one of the West India Mail steamers. One of the line will stop at New York every fortnight. The establishment of this line of steamships will be of great benefit to the commercial interests of all our principal cities, establishing as it does a regular intercourse with all the important markets along our own coast and the gulf of Mexico. Ten years ago men would have thought the establishment of this line of packets impossible.

Fire and Accident.

In New Orleans, on the 18th ult, the three story brick block on the corner of Front Levee and Benjamin streets, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $7,000. A most frightful accident and miraculous escape took place at this fire rendered doubly remarkable by the fact that the object of them had been married only a few hours before the fire broke out, and sprang from his bridal bed, at the wild sounds of midnight alarm. He fell from the roof of one of the buildings, through the joists of the third story, and caught on the joists of the second story, in the midst of the flames and dense smoke, but was fortunately rescued, and is in a fair way to recover.

Storms.

Quebec papers say that there has been more snow there during the present season, than for many years before. On the 16th ult., the fall was very great, and several shops were demolished by the manner which fell from the surrounding ledges of rocks. No lives, however, were lost.

The St. John's, N. B. Chronicle mentions a severe storm which occurred there on the 17th. Chimneys were blown down, fences and trees demolished, and much damage experienced.

Ice.

Pennsylvania is supplying Baltimore with ice. Mr. Cochran, proprietor of several large ice houses in that city, having ascertained that he could obtain a large supply in Pennsylvania, has engaged cars from the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Company, which are loaded from Mill ponds alongside of the railroad, about 37 miles from the city. A train of cars, with upwards of 100 tons arrived on Friday, and others are still on the road.

The Season in West Jersey.

The season in West Jersey is thus noticed by the Burlington Gazette of Friday:—"Our gardeners and some of our farmers are already preparing their hotbeds. Indeed, some of them have been under way for several weeks. In one frame in our city, potatoes are up nearly six inches. In some gardens the honey-suckles and gooseberries are out in leaf, and the blossoms of the peach and apricot are prematurely distended.

Report on Prisons.

The Leipsic Gazette states that the three envoys sent to England by the Prussian Government to study the prison system, had each made a special report to the Minister of the Interior. It is said that two of the reports condemned the system pursued in Pennsylvania. Dr. Julius alone recommended the King to adopt this discipline, but his recommendation does not find favor with the authorities.

Spanish Militia.

A re-organization of the Militia of Spain has taken place on the following plan:—"From 250,000 to 300,000 young men are to be in readiness to march at the beat of drum, to any part of the frontier. After serving five years in this corps, they are discharged from active service, and help to constitute the "Army of Reserve," of which the organization is such as to be very efficient on an emergency.

The Poor in England.

The Journal of the Statistical Society for January 1840, states, says Mr. Hartley, that in Liverpool, there are 7862 inhabited cellars, damp, dark, filthy, ill, ventilated and loathsome; that in these lodge 39,200 persons of the laboring class; while in Manchester of 187,220 working people, 14,966 live in cellars.

Horrible.

The Green Bay Republican of the 5th says that an Oneida Indian, named Peter Green, of that place, a few nights before murdered three of his children, the oldest six years old—and then attempted unsuccessfully to put an end to his own existence. He was incited to this horrid act by the drunken habits of his wife.

Resumption.

The aspect of affairs at Harrisburg renders it probable that a resumption will not take place, at least for some time. The Committee of Compromise can scarcely be expected to agree on any bill which the House will pass, and the bill the Committee reports—be it remembered—cannot be amended.

Female Labor.

The number of females employed in Massachusetts is 40,000, of whom 27,000 are in the factories. They earn about four millions of dollars per annum.

The City.

☞ On Friday evening about seven o'clock a most lamentable occurrence took place at the Forwarding Warehouse of Mr. G. L. Fox, in Broad street above Race, by which Mr. Frederick Bicking, of Coatesville, Chester County, suddenly lost his life. Mr. Bicking was a paper manufacturer, and had come to town with several car loads of paper, which were stored in the warehouse of Mr. Fox. On Friday evening he went to the warehouse, and was shown by one of the clerks on the ground floor the way to the counting room in the second story, which was very badly lighted. On one side of the room was a window, and before it a hatchway; and Mr. B. supposing this to be the door of the counting room, walked towards it, and fell through the hatch, his head striking the floor below, breaking his neck, and causing almost instantaneous death. Mr. Bicking was about fifty years of age, a man of family, and brother to Mr. George L. Bicking, of Broad and Bicking, of this city. Alderman Snyder held an inquest on the remains on Saturday, and consigned it to the relatives of the deceased, to be conveyed to Coatesville for interment.

☞ On Tuesday afternoon eight sailors belonging to the ship Hopewell, just arrived from New Orleans, were committed by Alderman Binns, to answer at the U. S. Court the charge of mutiny on board of said vessel, on her passage from New Orleans to this port. From the testimony of the Captain it appears that when eight miles out from New Orleans, during the prevalence of a gale, he gave orders to one of the sailors to perform some duty, which he refused to do. The captain then had him put in irons, when the whole crew refused to do duty unless he was released. He was released, after which the whole of them went into the forecastle, where they were kept for thirty hours, when all but two came to terms, which two were confined in irons until the arrival of the vessel, the captain getting into port the best way he could. They were taken into custody and safely lodged in Moyamensing.

☞ The barbers of the city and county have agreed to keep their shops closed on Sundays, to commence on Sunday next. In consequence of some misunderstanding as to the time of commencing, a number of them kept open on last Sunday, one of whom has been fined for a violation of the law with reference to performing labor on the Sabbath day.

☞ The lecture of the Rev. John N. Maffit, before the Willing Fire Institute, on Thursday evening, was attended by a large and fashionable audience, that appeared highly pleased with the address. The subject was "The Moral Grandeur of the American Revolution." The Rev. gentleman contemplates delivering a course of lectures in this city.

☞ On the 23d instant

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Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Southard presented a memorial from New York, upon the subject of Commercial reciprocity.—The memorial was referred.

The Committee on printing moved the printing of 1000 extra copies of Mr. Webster's letter on the subject of the case of the Creole.

Mr. Mangum reported a Bill from the Committee on Naval affairs to build a War Steamer for harbor defence.

The bill was read as in committee of the whole, and ordered to be engrossed.

The bill provides that the steamer shall be mostly of iron, and to hull and shell proof; to be of the largest size and not cost more than the average expense for building the steamers Missouri and Mississippi, which have just been completed. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars are appropriated towards her completion. No objections were made to the consideration of the bill.

Mr. Woodbury reported a bill regulating the value of the pound sterling at $4.84. The bill had its first and second reading.

The other reports were not important.

Mr. Allen introduced a resolution to rescind the order of the Senate declaring that the Senate should sit with closed doors in the consideration of executive appointments.

The bill to construct the new war steamer was then finally passed, and sent to the House for concurrence.

The orders for the day were then called for, being the resolutions in relation to the Veto Power.

Mr. Woodbury was entitled to the floor, and gave his reasons at length for opposing the proposed amendment.

Mr. Woodbury having closed,

Mr. Calhoun gave notice of his intention to address the Senate upon the subject of the resolutions. As the hour was late he moved an adjournment, which was put and carried after a remark or two from Mr. Calhoun, who intimated that he might speak on Monday next upon the subject of the resolution.

HOUSE.—A bill for the relief of the heirs of Josiah Blakely, deceased, of Alabama, was read a third time and passed.

A resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a variety of information bearing upon the interest of tobacco growers, was adopted.

Mr. Cooper offered a resolution to rescind the resolution passed by the House on Monday last for the removal of the Law Library, which, after some little objection, was adopted.

The House then took up the Retrenchment Report. Mr. Saltonstall was in favor of the report generally, but opposed the resolution which reduced the number of clerks of the House.

Mr. C. Brown said, if this was the disagreeable, that he was a disagreeable. (Somebody said, there was no doubt of that.) Mr. B. thought that democracy in N. C. was a very different thing from democracy in Pennsylvania. (A laugh.) Mr. B. was talking about the small pay which our fathers had—those men who pledged their lives and fortune, and sacred honor, &c. &c., where the morning hour gave out.

A message from the Senate announced the passage of a bill for the construction of a war steamer for harbor defence, referred to Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Briggs was called to the Chair, and the General Appropriation Bill was taken up.

The amendment, outline of stationery from the members of the House, was relieved.

When the clause appropriating money for public printing was read,

Mr. Davie, of Ky., moved to amend this by providing that all advertising for Executive Departments should be done in papers having the largest circulation.

The Chair said the amendment proposed to change the existing law, which could not be done in an appropriation bill.

Mr. Davis acceded, but the House sustained the Chair.

A brief debate sprung up upon a clause appropriating the sum of $25,000 for contingent expenses in the State Department, in the midst of which the House adjourned.

[☞ The Hon. Lewis Williams, the father of the House in dead, he was seized with bilious pleurisy on Monday last, and expired to-day at about two o'clock.

Mr. Morrow, of Ohio, is also quite sick, but I do not learn that he is dangerous.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1842.

HOUSE.—*Hon. Lewis Williams.*—As soon as the reading of the Journal was concluded,

Mr. K. Rayner rose to perform a painful and melancholy duty. The Hon. Lewis Williams, said Mr. R., is no more. He expired after a short but most severe attack of the bilious fever. Some days since he was here, and now he is dust. What a sad comment upon the weakness of human passion, and the nothingness of party factions. As for the manner in which Mr. Williams discharged his duty here, he needs no labored eulogy from me. All present will testify that he was always constant and assiduous in its performance, that he was always among the first in his seat, and the last to leave the Hall.

Mr. R. then sent to the Chair the customary resolutions.

The Hon. J. Q. Adams then rose, and for a moment the hum of voices and bustle of members crowding about him, prevented our hearing a few sentences. When we did catch his voice, which was subdued and affecting, he was saying—"Truly was he the father of this Hall, and the dignity could not possibly have devolved upon one better calculated to sustain it. His calm and unpretending manners, his affection, his unmalled patriotism, all combined to give him a quiet, paternal character.

I have known Mr. Williams for twenty-five years, and for all this period has he been marked for a faithful, consistent and upright man. How often, when the pall and warmwood of personal animosity were prevading the breasts of members in this Hall, but a single word from his lips sufficed to recall us to a sense of what and where we were. Sir, the loss of such a man as Mr. Williams is at any time a cause of grief, but at this particular conjuncture, when the concords of the country are distracted by opposing interests and factions, his loss may be truly said to be irreparable! His seat here is vacant now, we shall never again see his countenance nor hear his voice within these walls!

I have always regarded the continued service of Mr. Williams, or so many years, as the Representative of his district, as the unswerving attachment of his constituents to him, and his long and tried fidelity to them, as characteristic of the people of North Carolina. Sir, it is were possible for any Northern man in this House, really to entertain feelings and sentiments in favor of disunion, these feelings might well be checked by the reflection that, in such an event, he would no longer be a countryman of Lewis Williams."

Mr. W. C. Johnson followed Mr. A. in a brief and feeling tribute of respect to the memory for the deceased, and the House, after taking order for the funeral, adjourned.

SENATE.—The Chaplain of the Senate opened the proceedings this morning with an appropriate prayer, referring to the melancholy event which had occurred to be announced, of the death of an esteemed member of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Morehead presented the memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of Louisville asking for certain amendments to the Bankrupt Law.

Mr. Preston asked for the consideration of the District Bank Bill, proposing relief to the Banks of the District, by allowing them to receive and pay out the notes of the Virginia and Maryland Banks.

Mr. King of Ala., hoped the consideration of this Bill would be postponed until Saturday.

Mr. Preston said it was necessary to act upon the bill at this time, or at some early day, for the purpose of informing the people and the Banks here what Congress would or would not do. The bill was then postponed to Saturday next.

The amendment to the rules, proposed by Mr. Merrick, in order to prevent the incorporation of amendments in the General Appropriation Bill, upon subjects foreign to the Appropriation Bill, was reported.

The proposed alteration of the rules created a debate between Messrs. Merrick, Wright and Sevier, which continued until the Clock of the House appeared at the bar of the Senate.

Mr. Graham then announced in very expressive terms, the death of his colleague, Lewis Williams, of North Carolina.

Mr. Clay seconded the motion of respect, and delivered some brief and appropriate remarks in regard to the deceased member.

The Senate then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1842.

Mr. K. Rayner rose to perform a painful and melancholy duty. The Hon. Lewis Williams, said Mr. R., is no more. He expired after a short but most severe attack of the bilious fever. Some days since he was here, and now he is dust. What a sad comment upon the weakness of human passion, and the nothingness of party factions. As for the manner in which Mr. Williams discharged his duty here, he needs no labored eulogy from me. All present will testify that he was always constant and assiduous in its performance, that he was always among the first in his seat, and the last to leave the Hall.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1842.

We have a Congressional Temperance Society here. The members held their first meeting last evening in the Capitol. The assembly was large, and the proceedings were full of interest; animated addresses were made by Mr. Marsh, of New York, Mr. Stowell of this city, Mr. Mitchell, one of the reformed drunkards of Baltimore, Mr. Lane, a sea captain, and Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky. The address of this latter gentleman was one of his most brilliant and effective efforts. The cause of temperance is going heavily ahead. Success to it. Unmixed good crowns all its triumphs.

The Senate has had been in session to-day.

The House has been engaged on the Retrenchment Resolutions, reported some days since, and which were passed by a vote of 14 to 16. A message was received from the President, in reply to a resolution of the House, asking for information relative to negotiations on the Boundary question, in which he states that such information, at this time, would not be compatible with the public interest. He has no doubt also of public interest in the doings of the House.

Death has been busy here, it can has not. Two of our members have sold into his still embrace. But there is no cause for any alarm about epidemic, which speaks of the time when we too must meet the king of terrors.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1842.

SENATE.—The President announced the Committee of Retrenchment, ordered some days since on motion of Mr. Morehead, to consist of the following gentlemen

Messrs. Morehead, Miller, Sprague, Graham and Fulton.

He also laid before the Senate the letter of resignation of Mr. Pierce, as Senator from New Hampshire.

Mr. Buchanan presented a memorial from 3 or 4 citizens of Pennsylvania, asking for a protection of the iron interest.

Mr. B. also presented a large number of memorials upon this subject.

Mr. Preston offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of increasing the number of officers of customs in Vermont.

Mr. Mangum called up the resolution offered by Mr. Pierce some time since, in relation to the New York custom house commission. Mr. M. proposed an amendment to the resolution extending the inquiry.

The amendment was read and adopted, with the original resolution.

The subject was passed over to come to the general orders of the day.

These were the resolutions of Mr. Clay in reference to the Constitution, and proposing the restriction of the Veto Power.

Mr. Calhoun went at once into an examination of the whole subject, beginning with a well reasoned analysis of our form of Government, for the purpose of showing among other things, that the Veto Power was the conservative power of the country.

Mr. Calhoun made a very brief speech, and one confined to the subject under consideration.

Mr. Clay said that at the close of the discussion, he should wish to speak about one hour and a half. In the mean time he arose to move that another subject, his resolution in relation to Retrenchment and Reform and the Tariff and other matters, be called up.

By a general understanding, the subject on which Mr. Calhoun had spoken, was laid over till Friday next, and Mr. Clay's resolutions made the order of the day for to-morrow, when Mr. Clay will address the Senate.

The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—Petitions were called for commencing with the Territory of Iowa.

A message in writing was received from the President, by hand of Mr. J. Tyler, his private Secretary.

After offering several petitions,

Mr. Howard, of Michigan, in obedience, as he said, to instructions from a numerous body of his constituents, submitted a resolution to reimburse General Andrew Jackson $1000 and interest, being the amount of a fine imposed upon him by the civil authorities of Louisiana, in 1815.

The resolution of Mr. H. was ordered to be laid on the table and printed.

Mr. Giddings, among a variety of other petitions, presented one from citizens of Ostenburg, Ashtabula county, Ohio, praying Congress to take immediate measures for an amicable division of these States by a line running between the free and slave States, for various abolition reasons set forth. Mr. G. moved its reference to a select committee, with instructions to report why the prayer of petitioners ought not to be granted, and moved the previous question. The question of reception was raised, and the yeas and nays called upon it, they were ayes 24, noes 116.

An effort was made to offer another resolution of a similar character, but it was not received.

The House is the midst of these resolutions, adjourned.

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1842.

SENATE.—Memorials were presented in reference to private interests, by Messrs. Young, Archer and Williams.

Reports were also presented, but none of a public character.

At half past twelve o'clock Mr. Clay rose, the series of resolutions offered by him two weeks since having been read by the Secretary of the Senate. There was then a breathless silence.

Mr. C. said that the resolutions just read were of great importance, involving interests of the highest character, and laid at the bottom of any system of measures necessary for the prosperity of the country.

With a brief introduction, Mr. Clay launched forth into the consideration of the Resolutions which he had introduced. Some expressions of opinion he thought necessary and proper on the part of the Senate, for although no bill of revenue could originate in the House, it might originate in the other, and be transmitted here for consideration. In considering the subject in the form of Resolutions, it would save time, which was as valuable to us as money. For this purpose he had brought forward the subject, named in the Resolutions.

In discussing them, he should endeavor not to criminate or recriminate any one.

It had been said by the Senator from Ohio, (Mr. Allen) that the Whigs had declared during the late campaign, that they would administer the Government for thirteen millions of dollars.

There was no evidence of all that had been asserted on this point.

Mr. Clay proceeded to compare the expenditures of the Administration of Mr. Adams and the two which had succeeded.

Mr. C. then went on to review the expenditures for thirteen years past. The army had been doubled, ten ships had been built, two or three States had been added to the Union, the fortifications had been doubled, the population had been increased, and, all things considered, if the expenditure was now twenty-two millions, it would not be beyond the increase of people.

Mr. Clay said it was necessary to take time to work out the reforms which had been promised by the Whigs. The House had varied the contingent expenses $100,000, and would reduce them much more. He thought also, that the expenditures of the Departments were too high, and he was surprised that such estimates had been submitted, when it was known that the condition of the Treasury was such as it was.

Mr. Clay said that owing to great cause of existing embarrassments was in consequence of the fact that when Congress was in Extra Session in 1837, the issue of Treasury Notes had been resorted to instead of a taxation upon the free articles, for the purpose of meeting expenditures then and thereafter created.

Mr. Clay proceeded to the tariff branch of his argument, and expressed the hope that no one would think of resort to direct taxation for the support of the Government, and leave foreign luxuries to be imported into the country free of duty.

Mr. Clay then briefly commented upon the other resolutions, passing over each of them in a very hurried manner, for the reason that their principles were apparent in their words, and needed but little comment or explanation. Reasons were given why the Land Law should remain as it was, and these grew not so much out of the necessity of preserving the stability of legislation, as upon the justice of that Act.

The great end of the South was declared to be the Tariff. For nine years in a descending scale these duties had been gradually falling off, and he would ask if the Union had increased in prosperity under the change which had been going on. The most frightful pictures were drawn of the effects of the Tariff ten years since by one of the most gifted sons of South Carolina. The minds of those persons who heard him were filled with horror at the spectacle presented. The wishes of the Southern men in proposition as they had been gratified in regard to the tariff had failed to accomplish the results anticipated.

Mr. Clay closed with an eloquent appeal to the Senators to stand by the principles of his resolutions, which, under Heaven, he considered necessary to give prosperity and peace to the country.

Mr. C. having closed—

Mr. Linn made some few remarks in reply to the Senator from Kentucky, in reference to the expenditures of the Government.

Mr. Clay rejoined in a few words, when—

Mr. Wright moved to amend the resolution by repealing the act to distribute the proceeds of the public lands to the States, Territories, and District of Columbia.

Mr. W. moved that the amendments be printed.

Mr. Calhoun suggested that the resolutions be printed according to the amendments, which was agreed to.

And, on motion of Mr. Wright, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—In the House, some conversation passed between the Chair and Messrs. Botts and Campbell, in reference to the shape of the resolution calling for a report from the Secretary of War in relation to extra allowance, and then the House passed to the unfinished business of yesterday, which was a motion by

Mr. Pendleton to suspend the rules to consider a resolution of his, condemnatory of "dissolution petitions" upon this motion the yeas and nays were ordered, and resulted in ayes 103, noes 53—two-thirds.

Mr. Summers called for the orders of the day, but

Mr. Fillmore suggested, as the morning hour was nearly up, that the House go into Committee of the Whole upon the General Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Briggs was called to the chair. The amendment proposed by Mr. Davis, that the Secretary of State should cause the laws to be published in those papers having the largest circulation was discussed at length.

The committee rose, and the chairman reported progress.

And, on motion of Mr. Ward,

The House adjourned.

Legislative News.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 23, 1842.

HOUSE.—Some important matters were agitated, but nothing of great consequence was done.

The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, (Mr. Gamble) being drawn out by a resolution of Mr. Lightner requiring the committee to report, on or before Monday next, a Bill providing for the immediate wants of the Treasury for the current year, informed the House that the committee would not be able to report in that time, having, as yet, not come to any decisive conclusion upon the various plans submitted to them, and finding all liable to objections. Mr. G. assured the House they would report at the earliest possible day.

The resolution of Mr. Lightner was then postponed.

Mr. Gamble (Ways and Means) reported a Bill to provide for the certain and permanent payment of the interest on the State debt. The Bill imposes a tax, and of course will not be available during the present year.

Chancellorship Bench.—A memorial was received from the President and Directors of this Institution, remonstrating against the passage of the Bill proposing to take away their charter. The memorial represents that that Institution has already loaned the Commonwealth, on the requisition of the Governor, 5 per cent. of her capital, which has, however, been repaid her, and that it is at least questionable whether, under the act of 1824, she can be compelled to repeat the same; and, to end this, they ask an investigation by the judicial tribunal of the country.

The memorial, together with the Bill on file, was referred to the committee on the Judiciary system.

Selling the Public Works.—Mr. Carter's resolution instructing the Committee on Inland Navigation, &c., to bring in a Bill providing for the sale of all or any part of the Canals and Railroads of the Commonwealth, then taken up and passed.

HOUSE.—Half the session was taken up with petitions on all subjects.

Mr. Dickey submitted a joint resolution, that the Legislature adjourn on the 22d of March, and meet on the 15th of June; which was laid on the table. The delay of Congress, in opposition Congressmen, will render this course necessary.

Mr. Rounsfort offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of 28 members, from the different Congressional districts, who shall make an apportionment of the rates of taxes that would be paid by the different counties of the State; and to report to the House as soon as possible. The resolution was adopted.

On motion, the committee to investigate bank briberies, were allowed to sit during the session of the House.

Mr. Stevens' proposition to amend the constitution was discussed the remainder of the session, and the House adjourned upon a proposition that the State debt shall not exceed $20,000,000, instead of $40,000,000, as provided for by Mr. Stevens—provided it can be reduced to that modest size.

HARRISBURG, March 1, 1842.

The Revenue Bill.—As was anticipated, this bill is now in the hands of a committee of conference, consisting, on the part of the House, of Messrs. Dimmit, Rounsfort and Eiwell, and on the part of the Senate, of Messrs. Stickney, Jackman, Kidder and Farrelly.

Whatever his committee reports (and they have unlimited powers,) must be swallowed without "kitchen," or chewing by both Houses, or the bill is killed. The report of the committee of conference cannot be amended.

HOUSE.—In the House, which set morning and afternoon, a number of bills and other reports were made from standing and select committees, on private and local subjects.

Mr. Ryan reported a bill to authorize the Commissioners of Philadelphia county to erect a free bridge over the Schuylkill, at or near Gray's Ferry. Also a bill to extend the boundaries of the township of Moyamensing.

On motion of Mr. Stevens, the Auditor General was requested to communicate to the House, as soon as convenient, a statement of the condition of the banks of this Commonwealth, on the 1st of March instant, especially those of the city and county of Philadelphia.

The following passed final reading, viz:—

An act to erect a new judicial district out of the counties of Huntingdon, Centre, Mifflin, Clearfield, and Clinton.

An act to authorize the Trustees under the will of Joseph Parker Norris to lease on ground rent, certain real estate.

An act to incorporate the Doylestown and Dunsbourgh Turnpike Road Company.

A resolution (Mr. Stevens') to amend the State Constitution, so as to limit the power of the Legislature, so as to prevent an increase of the State debt beyond the sum of $40,000,000, passed second reading.

SENATE.—Not much of importance was done besides acting on the Bank Bill, as mentioned above.

Mr. McCully introduced a bill relating to a Free Bridge over the Schuylkill, at Gray's Ferry.

A motion was made by Mr. Darsie, to instruct the Judiciary Committee to bring in a bill postponing the election of Congressmen until the year 1843, so as to obviate the necessity of calling an extra session to apportion the Representation of this Commonwealth according to the ratio to be fixed by Congress.

But the motion was disagreed to. An extra session is therefore certain, and inevitable.

The Bill, relating to the District Court of Philadelphia, was taken up, and then referred to the Judiciary.

The Bill to incorporate was considered some time in Committee of the Whole, and the committee rose, and have leave to sit again.

General News.

DEATHS IN THE MENAGERIE.—On Tuesday last a number of animals attached to the menagerie of Messrs. June, Titus & Angevine, at the Bowery Amphitheatre, N. Y., were taken sick, the symptoms of which gave reason to suspect that they had been poisoned. A Zebra, one of the finest specimens in the country, and an elephant, died together within an hour. The elephant was valued at $2000. The skeleton was to be divided between the two medical schools in New York, but they are quarrelling about their respective portions. The Zebra died from the fact that other animals ate the same food without sickening, that those which died were the victims of some epidemic and not of poison, as we have scarcely conceive of prisoners vile enough to commit an act so barbarous, malicious and atrocious.

PRISONERS ESCAPED.—Three prisoners, confined in the Brooklyn jail, made their escape on Friday morning. They knocked down the keeper down and beat him severely and then escaped through the windows of the lower part of the jail. The three are—Cook, acquitted of the murder of young Phelps, but convicted of burglary, for which he was awaiting his sentence. Sailor, convicted of Hall and Lloyd, of forgery. As Cook was getting out of the window, the keeper's wife seized him by the leg; when he cracked her skull with a iron bar and struck her on the arm, which compelled her to relinquish her hold.

A VIOLENT STORM.—A letter received at Boston from the Light House at Boar Island, in Mount Desert Harbor, describes the storm of the 16th ult. as having prevailed there with great violence for twenty hours. On the following day, the windows of the light house, 145 feet above the level of the sea, were covered with salt, made by the spray.

According to the New York Tribune, the Captain of the Brig Catherine of west Ardes, Two more slave vessels have been condemned at Sierra Leone.

Dr. Wilson, a missionary from the A. B. C. F. M. is dead. His complaint was dysentery.

Great sickness and mortality has attended the Niger expedition.

Latest from Bermuda.

The New York Advertiser has received intelligence from Bermuda to the 15th ult. inclusive.

The paper of that date contains a long account of the mutinous conduct of the crew of fifty-five Africans, between H. B. M. brigantine Charybdis and the blockading squadron of Carmona, in which the latter, by some strange mistake, is spoken of as the squadron of the Carlists—the latter being the Christian government. The account does not vary in other respects from that heretofore published in our columns, although the disparity of force is much exaggerated. The Charybdis is spoken of as mounting twenty guns, with a crew of fifty-five men, (sold; and she is represented as defeating a corvette, a brig and three schooners killing on board the former the commander and twelve men, capturing the corvette and the schooners, and sinking the brig. It is a very large story for so small a vessel.

—The first of the British West India mail steamers was expected to arrive at Bermuda on the 16th inst.

—Advices from Demerara to the 26th January, had been received. There has been a strike among the plantation laborers, in consequence of which no work had been done for some weeks, but at the latest dates it was believed to be giving way. The difficulty arose from a reduction of wages. The laborers had abandoned some of the estates in a body.

A Curious Fact.

The first spring after the dam was thrown across the Schuylkill, at the Waterworks, a very large number of shad came up the river as usual, and as they could not pass the dam, they accumulated below it, and in less time than some years one has ever entered the mouth of the river.

Reduction of Tolls Wanted.

Petitions are being circulated through the coal regions, requesting the Navigation Company to reduce their toll to fifty cents. If this should be done, operations who at present are idle to avail themselves of the Rail Road, will successfully compete with those who are able.

Great Voyage.

The Whale ship Maria, of Nantucket, Capt. Fisher, after an absence of twenty-two months, has brought home 2500 barrels sperm oil, valued at $70,000, the shortest and most successful cruise from Nantucket in ten years.

Fire.

On the 19th ult. the Phœnix Hotel, and three large store-houses at Florence, Geo., were destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at $15,000.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a10
" middling,	5a 7
" Corned,	5a 6
Veal,	5a 8
Mutton,	5a 6
Lamb, fresh, per lb.	5a 6
" pickled, "	6a 8
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½
Jowls,	4a 6
Dried Beef,	8a10
Beef's Tongue,	75a100
Hogs, killed, 100 lbs	6½a6¾
Pigs, whole,	50a62½
Pigs Feet, set,	12a15
Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Fresh Pigs, per lb.	5a 6
Sausage, stuffed, lb.	8a 9
" Jersey,	8a10
Blood Puddings, "	5a 7
Souse Cheese, lb	8a 9
Fowls, pair,	62a75
Turkeys, each,	75a100
" Live,	56a75
Ducks,	37½a44
Pigeons, pair,	18a25
Ducks, pair,	50a75
Geese, each,	50a75
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50
Rabbits,	12a15
Opossums,	25a30
Salmon, packed, lb	10a12½
" fresh, "	12½a15
" dry, lb	18a18½
Pickled Cod,	4a 5
Haddock,	5a 6
Flounders,	6a 7
Perch, string,	12a31
Rock,	15a25
Terrapins, doz.	62a87

Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	62a68
Wheat, per bu.	84a94
Rye, " "	68a75
Butter, lb.	25a31
" Tub,	18a18½
Lard,	8a10
Scrapple, per lb.	5a 6
Sausage, qr.	5a 6
Cheese, "	6a12½
Eggs, per doz.	12a15
Apples, ½ pk.	10a12½
Potatoes,	6a 8
Sweet Potatoes, lb	5a 3
Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Carrots, per 100,	25a31
Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Carrots, bunch,	3a 3
Turnips, qr. peck,	3a 5
Onions, rope,	5a 6
Dried Peaches, ½ pk	25a31
" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31
Sand Peas,	5a 8
Horseradish, root,	3a 5
Honey, quart,	8a10
Honey, per lb	12a15
Cabbages, head,	5a 8
Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Celery,	5a 4
Dried Cherries, qr	7a 8
Cranberries, qr.	10a12½
Chestnuts, qr. qt.	5a 7
Chinquapins, "	10a12½
Walnuts, "	5a 7
Shellbarks, per qt.	5a 7
Hazelnuts,	8a10
Balsam, each,	3a 4
Oysters, doz. 100	30a37
" Tanglers,	50a75

The markets still continue to be very nicely attended, owing than the fact that the season of the year when the least is coming forward. Prices are much the same as they were last week. Butter and Eggs are in tolerable fair supply, and the latter are much lower than is usual at this season of the year.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

REMARKS.—Business has been, if possible, more inactive than during the preceding week. Confidence is impaired, and the banks are discussing but little money. The adjournment of the Legislature is known, business will continue dull.

BARK.—Small sales of 1st No. 1 Quercitron, at 22½ per ton.

COFFEE.—The market remains without material change either in price or demand.

COTTON.—Market quiet and prices steady.

FEED.—Corn Meal.—The Flour market has been nearly at a stand since our weekly report, and no sales of any extent have been reported. Holders nominally ask 26 per bbl for common brands, and for brands for shipment. Supplies continue limited. Rye Flour—Nominal price $4 per bbl. Corn Meal—Bbls are held at $2.87 for Penna and $2.12 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—Demand limited, and but little stirring. Sales of good Penna. red Wheat at $1.20 against Bluemen on the spot, at $1.25 per bushel. Rye—Last sale at Penn. was at 70 cts. Corn—No sales. Penna. prime is held at 72c and Southern & Jersey cts. on store. Oats—No sales. Penna. at 44c.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market continues quiet and the sales limited.

PROVISIONS.—Sales of Mess Pork at 26 and Prime $16.25 for new Western. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 7a8 cts, and Shoulders at 3¾a4 cts per lb. Lard—Western ranges from 5½ to 6 cts per lb.

SEEDS.—Market very quiet and some Cloverseed has been sold as low as $5.25 per bushel for only fair quality. Flaxseed—Sales at $1.40.

TEXAS.—The sales have been on a limited scale, at about former rates.

WHISKEY.—Bbls steady at 18a19½, and hhds 19½a20 cts.—*North American.*

From Havana.

Havana papers to the 15th have been received at Charleston, S. C. by the Hayne. There was considerable excitement at Havana, owing to a difference between the Governor General and the British steam packet.

—The latter was going off without passing her mails through the post-office, according to the laws of the place. She was stopped, and the Governor General said or swore that if she moved out he would sink her as she passed the Moro. The matter was still unadjusted when the Hayne left—the British steamer was lying very quiet, and nobody knew how it would end. Rumor said the Governor General had sent the Captain of the steamer word that unless he complied with the laws he would imprison him forthwith. There are seeds of trouble in this, and we may as well keep an eye on the progress of British "enterprise" in Cuba. It is quite as interesting as their doings in China just now.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 16th Feb. to the 1st March.

February 16, received from

R Shoch	$2 00	W Allbouse, Esq.	10 00
G Rutter	2 00	H James,	1 00
M Searle	2 00	W Shell	2 00
R Johnson	3 00	V M Long,	2 00
C Betts, Esq	10 00	W Blair,	2 00
M Dale,	2 00	W Collins,	5 00
M Porter,	2 00	A Morse,	5 00
W S Cook	2 00	H Hipple	2 00
Y Hawkins,	2 00	D Holderman,	2 00
E Riddle,	2 00	J McClymond,	5 00
J Boon,	5 00	J Irwin,	5 00
J R Sawe	1 00	Miss M Arnold,	2 00
S McKinney,	2 00	A Atkinson,	5 00
N Holland,	6 00	R R Packer,	5 00
J Green	2 00	J Pearson,	2 00
C H Stutchweather, esq	20 00		

February 17

J Adger	2 00	J J Boone,	2 00
J McLaiden,	7 00	P Riely,	2 00
A M Pattison,	4 00	R Gamble,	2 00
R W Washington, agt	2 00	A Jones,	4 00
J Bartlett,	2 00	R Smith,	3 00
G Churchill,	5 00	W McCracken,	2 00
A Hanner,	2 00	A Wallace,	2 00
J Hamilton	5 00	G Upright,	2 00
H Moreland	1 00	J Hanna,	2 00
W P Maher, Esq	10 00	J Berough,	4 00
S Noe, Esq.	10 00	W Baker,	2 00
A G James,	5 00	J Hanton,	2 00
G Jordan,	5 00	E Kermiller	2 00

February 18

J McCamey,	5 00	A Milligan,	2 00
D McCully,	2 00	P Dugan	7 00
J Hoover,	3 00	G. Shubert,	2 00
J H Hill,	5 00	J Wiser,	2 00
H Kelly,	5 00	J Wall,	2 00
G D Doerance,	5 00	J Clark,	4 00
A Billings,	5 00	R Drum,	5 00
J Adams,	2 00	S Gilfoey,	8 00
P Derby,	3 00	M Barbacksson,	2 00
G Snyder,	5 00	P Shafer,	2 00
H Cope, Esq	30 00	G Smith,	2 00
J Montgomery,	1 00	W Dunlap,	2 00
S Rockwell,	5 00	R Worrell,	1 50
R Williams,	1 25	J Miles,	2 00

February 19

W Stewart,	5 00	D Thomas,	2 00
R W Grant,	2 00	J Gould,	2 00
C Blood,	2 00	A Armstrong,	2 00
W Little,	2 00	G H White,	5 00
J Buckley,	2 00	T J Bradford,	2 00
J Dobbs,	2 00	R Wood, Esq	96 50
C Sayre,	2 00	T Burtah,	2 00
W Bartylow,	2 00	R Lapeley,	4 00
G Bird,	3 00	B Isaacs,	2 00
E S Murrell, Esq	20 00	S Cahn, Esq	19 00
Norton & Brothers	5 00	S Walton,	2 00

February 21

T Weller,	4 00	A Medbury,	1 00
J Keogh,	2 00	Coulter & Co	5 00
A Knight,	2 00	N Gibson,	4 00
J Miller,	2 00	J Miller,	2 00
G Gregg,	2 00	K G Thomas,	2 00
C Hicks,	4 00	C S Barnes,	5 00
J Hart,	2 00	S Russell,	2 00
J Hart	2 00	J Hatfield, Esq	20 00
J Cutler,	2 00	J Bartlord,	2 00
A Stoner,	6 67	W C Bell,	5 00
J H Chapman,	7 00	T Durney,	5 00
F Loomis,	2 00	R Dall,	2 00
E Lacey, Esq	25 00	J McCully,	5 00
A R Vail,	2 00	G H Boshorough,	5 00
G Parker,	3 00	J A Adams,	2 00
S Chapman,	2 00	A Frazer,	4 00
J Hoffman,	2 00	Jas M Walkup,	2 00
J Irwin,	2 00	J P Hippen,	2 00
J Boyle,	2 00	H Gover,	2 00
S Barry, Esq	10 00	R Dall,	6 00
H A Chapin,	6 00	B Beech,

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Frontier Journal.

To Minnie.

I'm bleedin' at the nose, Nannie,
I'm tearin i' the e'e;
I'm deaf in both my ears, Nannie,
And ravin' mad for thee!

O look that soothin' word, Nannie,
Which makes thee all my son;
And thee I'll live to love Nannie,
When other years are gone.

My heart is broken quite, Nannie,
My locks are turnin grey;
My neck is stiff as steel, Nannie,
My feet as could as clay
That gloomin' on thy face, Nannie
My head is wra dd tour,
One gentle look o' love, Nannie,
Wad mend it up, an' mair.

The words ye last conveyed, Nannie,
Still in my breasse dwell;
Nor they alone are there, Nannie,
Ye're there yer very self!
Then say my dearest Nannie,
Must I thy heart be link'd Nannie,
With Hymen's chains to time?

I'll gee thee a new gown, Nannie,
And gang ye to the fair;
I'll buy a rund o' lace, Nannie,
To bin' around your hair;
I'll kiss your temptin' mou, Nannie,
And pease your flushing e'e;
If ye will but consent, Nannie
Yer auce to marry me.

I has a little cot, Nannie,
Adown the blooming brae;
Where we may sleep by night, Nannie,
And frolic a' the day.
We'll walk by moonlight, Nannie,
The meadow flowers amang
An' light shall be our hearts, Nannie,
An' sweet shall be our song
Then look that soothin' word, Nannie,
Which makes thee all my son,
And thee I'll live to love, Nannie,
When other years are gone.
For I'm bleedin' at the nose, Nannie,
I'm tearin in the e'e;
I'm deaf in both my ears, Nannie,
And ravin' mad for thee!

Gleanings.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last, for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and age a little out of countenance. But yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.

Beauty is best in a body that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. The beautiful prove accomplished, but not of great spirit, and study for the most part rather behaviour than virtue.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet, of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

Marriage is a desperate thing—the frogs, in Æsop, were extremely wise—they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

Who, in the same given time, can produce more than many others, has vigor; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

Who, without pressing temptation, tells a lie, will, without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.

Who, under pressing temptation to lie, adheres to truth, nor to the profane betrays aught of a sacred trust, is near the summit of wisdom and virtue.

Give thyself to compunction and contrition of heart, and thou shalt find devotion.—Compunction opens the way to much good, which dissolution is wont quickly to lose.—Strive manfully. Custom is overcome by custom.

He who wilfully makes enemies is not merely brutal—he is foolish into the bargain. It is just as easy to make friends as to make foes.

Mahomet.

Carlyle thus speaks of the great oriental:—"From an early age he had been remarked as a thoughtful man. His companions named him '*Al Amin*—The Faithful.' A man of truth and fidelity; true in what he did, in what he spoke and thought. They noted that he always meant something. A man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said, but pertinent, wise and sincere when he did speak—always throwing light on the matter. This is the only sort of speech *worth* speaking! Through life we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man. A serious, sincere character; yet amiable, cordial, companionable, jocose, even—a good laugh in him withal; there are men whose laugh is an untrue as any thing about them—who cannot laugh. One hears of Mahomet's beauty—his fine sagacious, honest face, brown floral complexion, beaming black eyes—I somehow, too, like that vein on the brow, which swelled up black when he was in anger, like the 'honourable vein' in Scott's Redgauntlet. It was a kind of feature in his Arabian family, the black, swelling vein in the brow; Mahomet had it prominent, as would appear. A spontaneous, passionate, yet just true meaning man! Full of wild fancy, fire and light; of wild worth, all uncultured; working out his life-task in the depths of the desert there.

Language of the Flowers.

The bouquet presented to Mrs. Charles Dickens, at the fancy Dress Ball, given on St. Valentine's eve, at the Park Theatre, was prepared by Thorburn. It consisted of the following specimens:

Amaranth—Immortality.
American Starwort—Welcome.
Angelica—Inspiration.
Bay wreath—Reward of Merit
Bonne Heureuse—Goodness.
Campanula—Gratitude.
Cistus, or Red Rose—Popular favor.
Dephni Odora—Sweets to the Sweet.
Everlasting—Never-ceasing remembrance.
Everlasting Pea—Lasting pleasures.
Moss Rose—Pleasure without alloy.
Pansy, or Heart's Ease—Think of me.
Yellasmine Japonica—May you be happy
White Jessamine—Amiableness.
White Pink—Talent.
Scarlet Flowered Spoonea—Attachment
Accacia Rose—Friendship.

What can be more eloquent than the welcome spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens in the beautiful language of the flowers. The orators of the earth could not make so exquisite a speech as that spoken by these simple beauties. "Silence in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Bridge of Ice at Niagara Falls.—The river below the great cataract presents at this time a most singular phenomenon, being completely bridged over from the foot of Table Rock to the distance of a mile and a half by an arch of impacted ice, of immense thickness, which has been crossed daily by travellers and visiters for a week past, in safety. The ice, broken into very fine pieces in its passage over the Falls, has risen up below in such quantities and with such force, that the mass has been elevated no less than thirty-five feet above the summer level of the river, and frozen solidly together by the showering spray, presents a firmness, with occasional fissures several feet in width, and of great depth. So permanent seems this wonderful barrier of nature, that a small building has been erected on it and occupied as a grocery.

Love Symbols.—In an article in a late Foreign Quarterly, we find the following facts: "In one of the Harleian MSS. is related to an anecdote of Mr. Joseph Dring, a young gentleman of Hart Hall, who sang a song articulately, "ore patulo," (wide mouthed,) all without an octave," so very strongly, and yet without much straining, that he equalled, if not excelled the loudest organ. He performed this in the lower part of his throat, and it came on him at first upon "overstraining his voice." Many musical people can remember Richard Randall, a chorus singer at the old Ancient Concerts, who boasted that he broke a pane of glass in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the concussion of his harsh stentorian voice."

The Latest Kick.—A country editor has hit upon the novel and neatest method of forcing advertisements into his paper that he has ever seen or imagined could devise. He gives daily a list of deaths, killing off everybody who don't advertise with him, who are all obliged to put cards in the paper immediately, and assure the public that they are not dead! This is running an *Ethiopian nail* upon new and scientific principles.

A Just Rebuke.—A soldier came to General Fernandez, and told him that he thought a fortress of the enemy might be won with the loss of some few men; on which Gonzale said—"But will you be one of them."

A Great Ear.—"I have a great ear, a wonderful ear," said a musician, in the course of conversation.

"So has a jackass!" was the abrupt ejaculation in reply.

A Free Lady.—She looks as if she was fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy she was going to whistle.

Bulls.—The Dutch are so clever for bulls as either people. "I be lost two cows," said Mynheer, "I can wash a calf, and two wash a bull."

Wellerisms.—"Oh! my offence is rank!" as the poor man when he was pelted by the populace.

From the Knickerbocker, for March.

MY

Grand-Father's Port-Folio.

The manuscript from which the following tale is extracted bears no date, and no internal nor external marks by which I can ascertain the year when the journey was undertaken, in the course of which my grand-father became the interested spectator of the scene which he describes. Indeed, I am unable to affirm that it is narrative of facts. All the information which I possess in relation to the matter may be laid before the reader in a very few words. One of my aunts, my grand-father's eldest daughter, became the wife of a gentleman who possessed a large tract of land in Ohio. Being an enterprising and brave man, and finding a sympathising companion in his high-spirited partner, he resolved to strike into the wilderness, and lay the foundations of their future home amidst the grand forests of the West. Whether my grand-father ever hazarded the fatigues and perils of a journey to his daughter's residence is a circumstance upon which I cannot undertake to decide. Certain it is, that I find among his papers several short stories like the following, whose scene is laid in the West. There, however, are all of them destitute of those exact local descriptions, that continuity of narrative, and those data of time and place, which naturally attach to the records of an actual tour. Beside, I have ascertained that the good old man was somewhat addicted to romancing, and drew largely upon his imagination, to beguile the intervals between the more serious and wearisome engagements of his professional labor. If therefore it should seem to the reader that the subjoined tale has more the air of fiction than of fact, he is at liberty to use his own better judgment in deciding a question, the answer to which, whatever it may be, will not I hope be prejudicial to the interest of the simple story that I humbly trust will be found worthy of a place in the select company under whose auspices it is ushered into notice.

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S SACRIFICE.

I have been jogging on my equestrian journey for three summer weeks; following out every path that has opened invitingly before me; suffering myself to be turned aside by the smallest thing; tracing a brook or ascending a hill; penetrating a deep shade, chasing a squirrel; led on by the scented air to the quiet home of the wild flowers and the fern.

The journey of to-day has been more delightful and exhilarating than the wasted dyspeptic ever dared to hope to enjoy again. During twenty-five miles gone over, I have passed but three human dwellings, and those all built of logs partially squared, and piled one upon another. A beautiful river has been in sight or hearing all day long; which now has expanded between the more gentle and yielding banks, broadly, as if it were an inland lake; while its waters seemed to have stayed their onward flow, as if there were a strit in *them* too that sighed for rest, and they would have loved to linger in the domain of peace and ever; and anon has crowded up its forces into itself, and darted by, where the impending shores pressed more rudely against it, as if, like human tyranny, they would check its joyous and natural career.

The path which I have travelled since the morning has been pursued at random; one only star pointing out its direction, and that the sweet promise of sectlusion. It has been so long, and shewn nearly the whole distance in the deep shade of a majestic forest, like which New England has none; whether in respect to the grandeur of its regal individuals or to the vastness of its gray and reverend community. The air has been bland and genial as ever fanned the broad palm-leaf in the sweetest garden of the earth; and yet as inspiriting as ever kissed the glowing cheek of Alpine nymph, while it has breathed into her heaving bosom a life of health, whose source she does not think to inquire into, any more than to pause in her mountain chase to ask herself if *she is happy*.

It has been one of those rare and happy days for whose born all that lives insensibly gives thanks, when *life itself is gratitude*. One of those days when Nature seems to be surcharged with the spirit of Love; so that even the most misanthropic and pertinaciously-wretched of hearts is imperceptibly wooed out of its self-erected chariot-house; and the slow pulse dances, and the dull eye lightens up, and the mantle of the dreamer is cast off, and in his confinement has the casement lifted and another pillow placed beneath his languid head; and mothers may be seen, the country through, carrying abroad their pale and sickly progeny, to take their share of God's blessing, and bathe in the warm and limpid air; and sons and daughters propping up their aged sire or dame, as they totter out to bask their chilled frames in the sunshine once more, and freshen their life's incoming glow, and hobble back over the long hill of life, to the garden on the other side where the sun always shone; one of those days in fine when it seems to be the purpose of God to come to all his children, just as they are holiday; while heaven lends its choicest influences to earth, and smiles from end to end to see all creatures glad.

I have been more happy than I can tell. Let me never forget this day. Let its memory come over me in other despoiling days and dark and dreary nights, when the whole head shall again be sick and the whole heart faint, and the sun and the moon and the stars shall not give to me their light; let it come as a token of the *ever-smile* that my own clouded breast cannot then see; let it come as a sign of the favor of Him to whom alone I live and move to give at any hour perfect bliss to my thirsting soul; let it come to me as a sweet harbinger of what perchance to-morrow may bring with it; let it come as a sample of what eternity shall be, if I but trust and hope in the stormy hour, and follow on through shade and sun after the light of that countenance whose reflection I have to-day brightly seen, in order that I might know that it is as true as truth that these Americans do cry out, and that I might henceforth never let it go from before my longing eyes!

Early in the afternoon, after a primitive and sweet meal, made up of a dainty bit from the shoulders to the saddle-bage and a quaff from a clear rivulet—the latter shared with infinite relish by my most compassionable and temperate horse—I came suddenly upon a little knot of buildings, consisting of three houses with their complement of small and rudely-constructed sheds for domestic animals, all closely clustered together in the midst of a narrow and partial clearance.

"It is singular," I thought, "that I see and hear no signs of occupancy in this most pleasant and comfortable of forest abiding-places. Where are the silver-mouthed and trumpet-tongued cheerfulness that I should have looked for in the shouting and climbing upon the stranger's horse, as they poured forth, impelled no less by genuine western hospitality than by childish curiosity, from their "mallum in parvo" of a backwoodsman's abode?" And where are the hale and brown-visaged mistresses of these houses of logs?—queens of noble bearing, of warm and honest hearts, and of wide domain! And where the hoary-headed sire, on the after long experience of their harmlessness to an open brow, I hardly dare to face, and before which it would ill become a bear to stand? Surely something extraordinary has happened among this neighborhood, who have nothing to protect them but their courage, their honesty and their God. Pray Heaven that it be so ill!"

I spurred my jaded steed to the ground, cast the reine freely upon my horse's neck, and entered the open doors of one after another of the huts, until all had been completely examined and found to be silent and deserted. Nothing within them, however indicated harm or a hurried removal and feeling assured that those whom I sought could not be far off, I took the first fire-path that presented itself, and set on at perchance to find them.

Fortunately I selected the right avenue, and after a brisk walk of five or ten minutes came upon the assembled party. On looking down from a gentle acclivity, I saw standing all uncovered in an easy and graceful attitude a venerable man (whose locks were long and white, but whose form was erect and powerful, and whose face showed no sign of age) it might be a score of emigrants, older and younger, male and female, in attitudes of the profoundest reverence, and as was easily manifest, engaged in prayer. Instantly my steps were staid. The influence of the scene took possession of my soul; and, without a thought of intrusion, I joined in the exercise of pitching the lot. Washington looked on for a time, then, grasping the mouse in his master hand, whirled the iron through the air, and with the strength for, very far, beyond any of its former limits—the Colonel observing, with a smile, "You perceive, young gentleman, that my arm yet retains some portion of the vigor of my earlier years." He was then in his forty-first year, and probably in the full meridian of his physical powers; but those powers became rather mellowed than decayed by time, for "his age was like a lusty winter, frosty yet kindly." And, so far from stooping under the weight of his sixty-eighth year, he mounted a horse with surpassing agility, and rode with the ease and gracefulness of his better days. His personal prowess that elevated the admiration of a people who have nearly all passed from the age of chivalry, serves as a model for the manhood of modern times.

With all its development of muscular power, the form of Washington had no appearance of bulkiness, and was rather of the proportions that long to be understood; and the yearnings for sympathy prompt the candid utterance of thought, however wild. The public at a distance looks so tempting to the unlearned, that to expect as much domestic produce as possible, and to receive in exchange nothing but money. Their commerce became none that of their oppressors, and their produce, exported through Dantzic, is now called "German Produce;" and whatever is exported through Riga and the black sea, is called "Russia Produce;" so that their wheat, timber, iron, leather, hemp, flax, honey, tallow, &c. &c., are called either German or Russian, although neither German or Russian hands till the soil which produces them.

The result of this policy has been, that money is very scarce in all parts of Poland, the laboring class is in a state of stolidity, and unconscious as to the comforts and conveniences of life, and yet, in the midst of their poverty they discovered the Commander-in-Chief leaning upon the enclosure and beholding the game with evident satisfaction. In a moment all things were changed. The ball was suffered to roll idly away, the gay laugh and joyous shout of excitement were hushed into a profound silence, and the officers were gravely grouped together. It was in vain the Chief begged of the players that they would proceed with their game, declared the pleasure he had experienced from witnessing their skill, spoke of the proficiency in the manly exercise that he himself could have boasted of in other days. All would not do. Not a man could be induced to move, till the General, finding that his presence hindered the officers from continuing the amusement, bowed, and, wishing them good sport, retired.

Poland.

BY MAJOR YOUMAN.

Poland, before the dismemberment, was an agricultural country, in the full signification of the term. Its fertile soil prevented the Poles from becoming manufacturers, and its policy was to adopt the commerce of exchange. Always applying the price of their product to the ratio of the price demanded by foreigners for their goods, the Poles were happy in their commercial pursuits; and whilst foreign merchants drew great profits from Poland, the balance of trade was also profitable to the Poles. All classes of the people were at ease, and thousands of their merchants and owners of land made large fortunes.

Since the dismemberment of Poland, a new commercial policy has been substituted by Russia, Austria, and Prussia; which is, to export as much domestic produce as possible, and to receive in exchange nothing but money. Their commerce became none that of their oppressors, and their produce, exported through Dantzic, is now called "German Produce;" and whatever is exported through Riga and the black sea, is called "Russia Produce;" so that their wheat, timber, iron, leather, hemp, flax, honey, tallow, &c. &c., are called either German or Russian, although neither German or Russian hands till the soil which produces them.

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Washington.

In person Washington was unique. He looked like no one else. To a stature lofty and commanding, he united a form of the manliest proportions, limbs cast in Nature's finest mould, and a carriage the most dignified, graceful, and imposing. No one ever approached the Pater Patriæ that did not feel his presence.

So long ago as the vice regal court at Williamsburg, in the days of Lord Botetourt, Col. Washington was remarkable for his splendid person, the air with which he wore a small sword, and his graceful walk, that had the light elastic tread acquired by his long service on the frontier, and was a matter of much observation, especially to foreigners.

While Colonel Washington was on a visit to New York in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the British Governor, that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in all Majesty's service.—In fact the most superb looking fellows ever landed upon the shores of the new world. I wager your Excellency a pair of gloves, said a Mrs. Morris, an American lady, that I will show you a finer man in this country to-morrow than your Excellency can select from your famous regiment. done, madam, replied the Governor. The morrow came, (the 4th of June,) and the procession in honor of the birth-day of the King advanced through Broadway to the strains of military music. As the troops defiled before the Governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers by name, claiming her admiration for their gigantic stature and brilliant equipments. In rear of the troops came a band of officers not on duty, of colonel officers, and strangers of distinction. Immediately on their approach, the attention of the lady companion was to be directed toward a tall and martial figure, that marched with grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed, I perceive that your Excellency's eyes are turned to the right side of the line, and look over the long hill of life, to the garden on the other side where the sun always shone; one of those days in fine when it seems to be the purpose of God to come to all his children, just as they are holiday; while heaven lends its choicest influences to earth, and smiles from end to end to see all creatures glad.

I have been more happy than I can tell. Let me never forget this day. Let its memory come over me in other despoiling days and dark and dreary nights, when the whole head shall again be sick and the whole heart faint, and the sun and the moon and the stars shall not give to me their light; let it come as a token of the *ever-smile* that my own clouded breast cannot then see; let it come as a sign of the favor of Him to whom alone I live and move to give at any hour perfect bliss to my thirsting soul; let it come to me as a sweet harbinger of what perchance to-morrow may bring with it; let it come as a sample of what eternity shall be, if I but trust and hope in the stormy hour, and follow on through shade and sun after the light of that countenance whose reflection I have to-day brightly seen, in order that I might know that it is as true as truth that these Americans do cry out, and that I might henceforth never let it go from before my longing eyes!

Washington's great physical powers were in his limbs. They were long, large and sinewy. His chest was of unusual depth, from the shoulders to the hips. His chest, though broad and expansive, was not prominent, but rather hallowed in the centre. He had suffered from a pulmonary affection early life, from which he never entirely recovered. His frame showed an extraordinary development of bone and muscle; his joints were large, as were his feet, and could a cast have been preserved of his hand, it would be exhibited in these dimensions, it would be said to have held aged to the being of a fabulous age. During the last visit of Lafayette to Mount Vernon, among many and interesting relations of events that occurred during his stay, he said to the writer "It was in this portico that you were introduced to me in 1784; you were then holding by a single finger of the good General's remarkable hand, which was all that you could do, my dear sir, at that time."

In the various exhibitions of Washington's great physical prowess, they were apparently attended by scarcely any effort. When he overthrew the giant of Ulster county, he threw him in manner of the finest of the young athlete of the times were engaged in the manly games, Washington had retired to the shade of a tree, intent upon the perusal of a favorite volume; but he was called upon the champion of the games strode through the ring, calling for bolder competitors, and taunting the student with the reproach that it was the fear of encountering an adversary that thus kept him from the ring, that Washington closed his book, and, without divesting himself of his coat, calmly walked into the arena, observing that fearfully as he was out of his being a fit match for the champion, the struggle was too important necessitary, for, said the vanquished hero of the arena, in Washington's iron-like grasp I became powerless, and was buried to the ground with a force that seemed to the very shaken earth, and yet, while the venue, regardless of the shouts that proclaimed his triumph, leisurely retired to his shade, and the enjoyment of his favorite volume.

The power of his arm was displayed in several memorable instances. In his throwing a stone across the Rappahannock river below Fredericksburg, another from bed of the stream to the bank, and the other from the bank of the river the Potomac into the Hudson. While the late and venerable H. Peale was at Mount Vernon in 1772, engaged in painting he portrait of the proprietor, a number of the young men were engaged in the exercise of pitching the lot. Washington looked on for a time, then, grasping the mouse in his master hand, whirled the iron through the air, and with the strength for, very far, beyond any of its former limits—the Colonel observing, with a smile, "You perceive, young gentlemen, that my arm yet retains some portion of the vigor of my earlier years." He was then in his forty-first year, and probably in the full meridian of his physical powers; but those powers became rather mellowed than decayed by time, for "his age was like a lusty winter, frosty yet kindly." And, so far from stooping under the weight of his sixty-eighth year, he mounted a horse with surpassing agility, and rode with the ease and gracefulness of his better days. His personal prowess that elevated the admiration of a people who have nearly all passed from the age of chivalry, serves as a model for the manhood of modern times.

With all its development of muscular power, the form of Washington had no appearance of bulkiness, and was rather of the proportions that long to be understood; and the yearnings for sympathy prompt the candid utterance of thought, however wild. The public at a distance looks so tempting to the unlearned, that to expect as much domestic produce as possible, and to receive in exchange nothing but money. Their commerce became none that of their oppressors, and their produce, exported through Dantzic, is now called "German Produce;" and whatever is exported through Riga and the black sea, is called "Russia Produce;" so that their wheat, timber, iron, leather, hemp, flax, honey, tallow, &c. &c., are called either German or Russian, although neither German or Russian hands till the soil which produces them.

Bonaparte's Generals at the South.

A. B. Meek, Esq. in an address before the University of Alabama, mentions the interesting fact, that after the battle of Waterloo, and the fall of Napoleon, several of his distinguished Generals and companions came to America and received from Congress, on the 3d of March, 1817, a grant of lands in Alabama, the conditions of the grant being, that the emigrants should cultivate the vine upon one acre in each quarter section, and the olive upon the another; and at the end of fourteen years should pay the General Government two dollars an acre for a fee-simple title to the land. Among the grantees was Marshal Grouchy, the hero of Lodon, and the present Minister of War for France; Gen. Lefebvre Desnouettes, Duke of Dantzic, and a Marshal and Peer of France, who had distinguished himself in all the great battles of Napoleon; Gen. Count Clausel, Gen. Count Real, and two Generals Allemand, and Generals Vandamme, Lahanal, Penniers, and Garnier de Saintes; "with a number of other subordinate officers.

They settled upon the Tombechee river, in what is now Marengo county, the name which they gave to their colony, in honor of the celebrated battle of Marengo.

"Do you know, sir," said a citizen to a gentleman travelling through that section in 1819, which is between Arcola (another celebrated battle name) and Eagleville, "do you know, sir, who is that fine looking man, who passed us a mile back across the creek?" "No—who is he?" was the reply. "That, sir," said the citizen, "is the officer who commanded Napoleon's advance guard when he returned from Elba."

"Great as is this contrast," says Mr. Meek, it was perhaps greater with the female part of the colonists. Here, dwelling in cabins, and engaged in humble attention to the spinning wheel and the loom, or handling the weeding hoe and the rake, in their little gardens, where matrons and maidens, who had been born to proud titles and high estates, and who had moved as stars of particular adoration, amid the fashion and refinement and imperial display of the Court of Versailles. And yet—to their honor be it said—notwithstanding the rustic and ill-proportioned circumstances around them, they did not appear disparaged or miserable. Nothing of "angels ruined," was visible in their condition. They were contented—smiling—happy. Truly it must have been amusing, as the writer remarks, to have seen these celebrated soldiers drilled and mustered by a militia company officer, as they were at times required to be by the laws under which they lived.

But their unquiet spirits, nursed in the storms of battle, and the convulsions of states, could not brook the peaceful pursuits of agriculture; and one by one they left, some for the armies of the South American Republics, some for their native country, until in 1826, Barelli, a major of the colony remained, and as Mr. Meek says, "a stranger would now in vain look amongst the black lands and the broad cotton fields of Marengo, for the famous companions in arms of the Duke of Dantzic, or Count Clausel, attempted to cultivate the olive and the vine.—*Savannah Georgian.*

Ladies Department.

The Charmed Sleeper.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Year after year unto her feet,
The white she slumbereth alone,
Over the purple coverlet
The maiden's jet black hair hath grown;
On either side her tranced form,
Forth streaming from a band of pearl;
The locks are lightly lifted by the breath
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-braided coverlet
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever, and anad
Her full black ringlets down ward roll'd
Gives form and motion as they fall,
With bracelets of the diamond bright,
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps—her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart;
The fragrant breath of her sweet lips
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps, on either side upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly press,
She sleeps, nor dreams, but never dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

Getting Married.

Some of these old writers were curious fellows, and had strange ideas of matrimony, not at all in accordance with the present day. Tom Moore, the father of the famous Sir Thomas, that he used to compare getting married to a man thrusting his hand into a bag which contained twenty snakes and one eel, and the forty to one he did not catch the eel. We strongly suspect, from this definition of matrimony, that Sir John at least *must have caught a snake.* About a hundred years after, when the celebrated Dr. Butter, fellow of New College, Oxford, penned the following epigram on his three wives:

Though marriage be some to reckoned a curse,
Yet I married three wives, and I prove none worse.
The first for her person—the next for her money,
The third for a warming pan, doctress, and nurse.

The New York Atlas some time since related the story of a clergyman whose first wife was very rich, his second very beautiful, and the third, whom he married in his old age to nurse him and be his housekeeper, proved to be a perfect Xantippe in her disposition and temper. He observed to one of his friends that he had married wives, "one for the flesh, and the devil. Cato, the ancient philosopher, who certainly is good authority, has wisely said "that he preferred the character of a good husband to that of a great Senator."

Love.

To the man from whom death has torn every green-tree to which bound him to existence as to a blessing; who passes through life with the corroding knowledge, that in the peopled earth there is not one to care for him, and the blighted affections of whose heart form nothing but sacred tombs for the memory of the departed—to such a man, the artificial, though bright smiles—the heartless, though glittering courtesies of the world, are but what the bag of pearls was to the famishing wanderer of the desert; and as the one would have willingly given his beautiful treasure for a morsel of bread, so would the other exchange all these flattering attentions for a single smile whose sunny beaming would be drawn from the fountain of Love.

Progress of Civil Liberty.

Far off from the views and corruptions of the Old World, to a fairer clime and a better country, where atmosphere was pure, and whose soil uncontaminated by the footprints of despotism, Liberty fled as her last refuge. Here, hunted and friendless, she took up her abode. Upon Plymouth rock,

that bolder spot
The high place of freedom's birth,

she laid the corner-stone of what has already become a great Republican Edifice,—an edifice destined, we believe, to be more enduring than the Pyramids of Egypt,—sublime, though in proportions; more beautiful than the palaces of kings, or the temples of Roman pontiffs; upon whose portals are inscribed Justice and Mercy; whose pillars are Truth and Equality of Truth; and from whose majestic dome waves the broad flag of Freedom and Equality. Into this temple, she invited the injured and distraught of all nations. To the oppressed of all climes, and gladly do they obey her invitation. Hither fled many of the choicest spirits of the age,—the high-minded and the bold, the conscientious and the meek,—men eminent for their intelligence and their virtues, no longer brook the scoffs and insults of tyrants,—as well as the devout and humble follower of Jesus, who had too long suffered persecution for righteousness sake. Here, once more, Civil and Religious Freedom walked hand in hand; mutually annoyed and unalmed each other; bowed at the same shrine, encountered the same perils, and grappled with the same foes; and, rejoicing in the same sunshine of the wilderness, sprang up into a cedar, sanctuary of justice and solemn temple. Religion was the handmaid of Politics, and Virtue of both. No one feature perhaps, was more characteristic of their lives and their feelings than their love of Liberty and their devotional spirit. "We could not live without the worship of God," exclaim our Pilgrim Fathers, in one of their addresses to the King. And it was upon sentiments and principles such as these, that arose a system of society and morals, freer and purer than any at that time existing;—a system, which though stained, 'tis true, with many of the corruptions of humanity, yet has lived to see its fruitening and approximating to the fullness of maturity. But Liberty's eternal foes, ever active and vigilant, pursued her even into her asylum in the wilderness. Twice, the day of trouble, overwhelmed her. She met them upon the threshold; and by that struggle,—the struggle of our Revolution,—was forever put to rest the question which all time had been agitated,—whether man was sinning in the face of the place, and thus the time, when the doctrines of Popular Rights and Civil Liberty, were permanently settled and established; and, to use the words of one of our first historians, "within the short space of two centuries, have they infused themselves into the lifeblood of every rising state, from Labrador to Chili; have erected outposts on the Oregon, and in Liberia; and, making a prosperous circuit of the globe, have returned, with the ancient governments of Europe, by awakening the mind to resistance action, from the shores of Portugal to the palaces of the Czars."

Good Advice.—An aged man on his death bed thus addressed his children:—"My children, I am dying, and have not strength to exhort you. Follow my example, live honestly, serve God, and take newspapers." We must heartily approve this advice, and wish it were generally followed—the public would be benefited by the spread of intelligence, and we be benefitted by an increased patronage.

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

TO THE YOUNG STUDENTS IN GEOGRAPHY.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 8, 19, 14, 6, is a town in England.
My 22, 13, 4, is a town in Europe.
My 11, 14, 2, is a river in Scotland.
My 11, 13, 19, is a town in Skye Island.
My 6, 17, 9, 22, is a town in Ireland.
My 22, 7, 1, is a town in Denmark.
My 6, 17, 3, 23, 10, 20, is a river in France.
My 16, 21, 8, is a town in France.
My 22, 14, 6, 13, 2, 11, is a country in Europe.
My 5, 18, 13, is a river in Spain.
My 20, 10, 11, is a lake in North America.
My 24, 7, 19, 20, 9, is a river in Asia.
My 12, 16, 11, is a town in Naples.
My 12, 2, 13, is a town in South America.
My 7, 23, 12, 14, is a county in Virginia.
My 19, 17, 14, 20, 16, 10 is a lake in Florida
My 20, 17, 11, 5, 6, 9, 4, is a river in the United States.
My 22, 1, 6, 10, 2, 21, is a town in the United States.
My 17, 1, 6, is a river in the United States.
My 6, 18, 2, 16, is a bay in North America.
My whole is the name of a pleasant and useful study.

An answer is requested. ANNA MARY.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Enigma.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is the name of a goat.
My 6, 2, 5, is the name of a month.
My 10, 1, 10, 6, 5, is a fox.
My 11, 7, 4, 10, is the name of a grain of southern production.
My 4, 2, 1, 7, is an interrogatory.
My 6, 2, 3, are the birds of creation.
My 4, 11, 2, 3, 10, is the name of a bird.
My 6, 7, 4, 10, are small but mischievous creatures.
My 9, 2, 5, is a negative answer.
My 7, 8, 9, is a public house.
My 6, 2, 7, 8, 10, is one of the United States.
My whole is the name of a distinguished female; who has gained much celebrity in the South.

An answer is requested.

Answer to the Enigma of 31 letters in last week's paper.—Diocletianus Caius Valerius Jovius.

Answer to the Enigma of 18 letters in last week's paper.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

John Bunyan.

The great part of the people was, we know, cherished by them; and oral tradition, more faithful and unsettled period than the pen of the transcriber, doubtless transmitted many a stern denunciation against power in high places, and many a vivid picture of oppression Mede and her gloaly attendants, Liar, Falsehood and Simony, which dwelt on the minds of a secluded peasantry through many generations; and to these, young John Bunyan, ingenuous as yet of the future fame of the writer, or a minister, might often listen; and when in the solitude of Bedford jail he meditated his unrivalled work, the stern force, the graphic power, above all, the intense reality with which the dreamer on Malvern hills invested his allegorical personages, arose to his mind, and he too had down to dream, but not of the anxious and fruitless quest of poverty and the search of bread, not of the endless strifes of might against right, but of pilgrimage which, though begun at the City of Destruction, ended in eternal blessedness. No one, we think, who has read the Vision of Piers Ploughman, not the still diffuse and diffuse Pilgrim's Progress of Dr. Whittaker, but in the forcible original, can doubt that *that* was the source from whence his greater successor derived both the outline of his work and the fine genuine English of his style.

The old Times.

What kind of men these were, who witnessed the hangings, and drawings, and quarterings of Edward's days, and the burnings of both his and Mary's, the persecutions, and the exiles, and the before known,—their bull-baitings and bear-baitings, and endless cruelties practised on the brute creation, even down to the period of Elizabeth's death, all fully prove. And their popular literature, too, took the same sanguinary turn, as the ballads which minutely described the most horrible murders, the most revolting mutilations, afforded gratification to the populace even to the time when Shakspeare stood ready to display the manners of past ages before them, and Spenser to lead them into fairy-land. And this people, ferocious, unsettled, divided by religious strifes, watched by powerful ambitious princes who stood ready to take advantage of every outbreak, became the subjects of a young woman but twenty-five years of age, and she "wedded at will that wild democracy," although the one hand learned reformers were making it a question of religion whether men should submit to a female sway, and the pope on the other stood ready with absolution and reward for any one who would rid him of the life of the great protectress of the reformed faith.

THE CREOLE AFFAIR.

Letter of the Secretary of State to our Minister at the Court of St. James.

Department of State, U. S. Feb. 29th, 1842.

Edward Everett, Esq.

Sir: I regret to be obliged to acquaint you with a very serious occurrence, which recently took place in a port of one of the Bahama Islands.

It appears that the brig "Creole," of Richmond Virginia, Enos, master, bound to New Orleans, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 27th of October last, with a cargo of merchandise, principally tobacco, and a crew of 135 in number; that on the evening of the 7th of November, some of the slaves rose upon the crew of the vessel, murdered a passenger, named Hewell, who owned some of the negroes, wounded the Captain mortally, and the first mate and two of the crew severely; that the slaves soon obtained complete possession of the brig, which under their direction, was taken into the port of Nassau, in the island of New Providence, where she arrived on the morning of the 9th of the same month; that at the request of the American Consul in that place, the Governor assembled a magistrate and a sufficient number of officers, and with a view to an investigation of the circumstances of the case; that such investigation was accordingly made by two British magistrates, and that so much thereof as has been communicated to me, in a report of the magistrates, nonfeasance of the slaves were imprisoned by the local authorities as having been concerned in the mutiny and murder, and that upon the Consul, he is sent to the United States for trial for these crimes, was refused, on the ground that the Governor wished first to communicate with the Government in the Colonial authorities, and even before the military guard was removed, the greater number of the remaining slaves were liberated, and encouraged to go beyond the reach of apprehension; that, in consequence of this conduct, by proceedings which neither of them could control. This is the substance of the case, as stated in two protests, one made at Nassau, and one at New Orleans, and the Consul's letters, with such depositions as have been taken, copies of all which papers are herewith transmitted.

The British Government cannot but see that this case, as presented in these papers, is one loudly calling for redress. The "Creole" was passing from one port of the United States to another, in a voyage perfectly lawful, with merchandise on board, and also with slaves, or persons bound to service, natives of America, and by longing to American citizens, and which are recognized as property by the Constitution of the United States in those States in which slavery exists. In the course of that voyage the master and officers of the vessel were overcome, subdued them, murdered one man, and caused the vessel to be carried into Nassau. The vessel was thus taken out of the jurisdiction of the United States, who had the lawful authority over her, but forcibly and violently, against the master's will, and with the consent of nobody but the mutineers and murderers; for there is no evidence that the slaves were compelled to assist, or concurrence of any of the slaves, except those actually engaged in them. Under these circumstances, it would seem to have been the plain and obvious duty of the authorities of the island of New Providence, as friends and allies of the American Consul in putting an end to the captivity of the master and crew, restoring to them the control of the vessel, and enabling them to resume their voyage, and to take the mutineers and murderers to their own country to answer for their crimes before the proper tribunal. One cannot conceive how any other course could have been adopted, or how the latter imposed by that of the code relating to the intercourse of friendly States, which is generally called the comity of Nations, could otherwise be fulfil